THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

APRIL 1, 1923

Spring Planting

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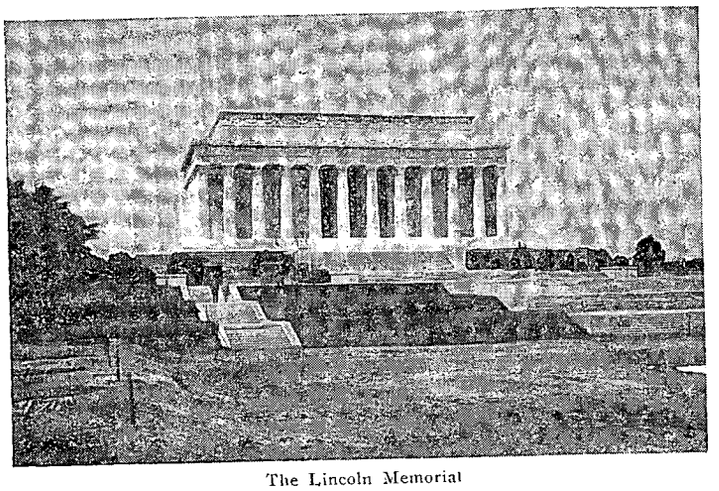

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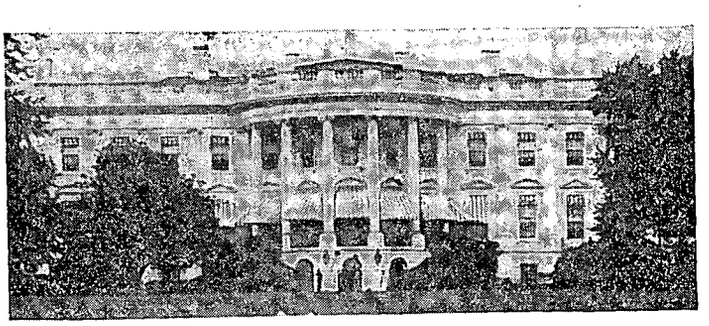

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THURSDAY, May 17—HEALTH.
Dr. Livingston Farrand, President, Cornell University.

FRIDAY, May 18—INDUSTRY.
Rev. John A. Ryan, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

SATURDAY, May 19—LAW AND GOVERNMENT.
Prof. Roscoe Pound, Dean, Harvard Law School.

SUNDAY, May 20—THE CHURCH.
Mrs. John M. Glenn, former President of the National Conference of Social Work.

MONDAY, May 21—THE HOME.
Porter R. Lee, Director, New York School of Social Work.

TUESDAY, May 22—THE SCHOOL.
Mrs. Helen T. Wooley, Assistant Director, Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit, Mich.

WEDNESDAY, May 23—PUBLIC OPINION.
Dr. John H. Finley, Associate Editor, New York Times.

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On to Washington!

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ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL WELFARE

Being reminiscences of thoughts, things and folks, during forty years of Social Work

By ALEXANDER JOHNSON

Dedicated to the Social Workers of America

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Part 1 ADVENTURES IN ORGANIZED CHARITY; in Cincinnati; family welfare work in the Mid-West in the eighteen-eighties; in Chicago

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Part 3 ADVENTURES WITH THE FEEBLE MINDED; school, work and play; farms and dairies; brick-making and building; with employees, doctors, trustees, governors and labor unions; the politicians again; being investigated

Part 4 ADVENTURES WITH THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE, the early days; my first conference; the unwritten law; social work done socially; as paid secretary; how it grew; the three eras, relief, prevention, social construction

Part 5 ADVENTURES IN PROPAGANDA, 5 years work for the f.m.; the task; the execution; the results

Part 6 ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL EDUCATION, schools for social workers; summer schools and college classes

Part 7 ADVENTURES IN RED CROSS HOME SERVICE, in camp with the soldier boys; field service with the chapters; the marvellous opportunity of the Red Cross Home Service

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WHAT SOME PEOPLE THINK OF THE BOOK AND THE AUTHOR

PAUL U. KELLOGG says: "Last night I had a rare treat listening from eight-thirty to one A. M. to Uncle Alec reading me chapters from his adventures in social welfare. He is one of the few men who can write charmingly and intimately with a sense of getting somewhere, in dealing with social activities. Some of it is as fascinating as a story of explorations among a far-off people."

HOMER FOLKS says: "Heartiest congratulations on your recent work in The Survey and on the forthcoming book."

AMELIA SEARS, of Chicago, says: "I have read this chapter [about the Chicago C. O. S.] with deep interest, and am passing it on to others of the staff; you surely succeed in depicting the drama of those early days and re-creating in imagination the strange conditions."

HARRY L. HOPKINS says: "I have read some of the first chapters and they are corking."

CLAUDE BOWERS, in the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, says: "If you would have some conception of the charm and interest of the whole story, turn to one of the chapters published in The Survey; but read it in full; real adventures as fascinating as fiction; his book will be a contribution to sociological literature of great value."

J. L. GILLIN, Prof. of Economics, University of Wisconsin, writes: "I have your letter and enclose check for two copies of your book. I am asking the University Library to order five copies. I am very glad you are bringing out this book. I have enjoyed reading your articles in The Survey. They are fine."

HOWARD BRAUCHER says: "Of course I want a copy and enclose a check. I shall speak to several friends and hope there will be a very good sale. You know with what affection all of us who have learned so much from you in the years past think of you."

Some others say: "I liked the samples of your reminiscences in the Survey so much that I am enclosing a check for some more."

"With pleasure I subscribe for 2 copies of your forthcoming book. If we cannot have the pleasure of again hearing your voice making the announcements at the Conference, we can read your views of social work and workers."

"I certainly want a copy. You don't know how much moral courage you are broadcasting."

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The Next Fifty Years of Social Work

"IF I could only get the refinement, education and Christian enthusiasm of the better classes fairly to work here among these children, these terrible evils might be corrected at least for the next generation."

THUS the author of the most widely read book on the slums of New York fifty years ago. What will be thought fifty years hence of *our* ideas on social reform?

We cannot lift the veil of the future. But issues of the SURVEY, appearing before and after the Fiftieth Anniversary of the National Conference of Social Work, will bring out articles pointing out the forward trends of social thinking.

In family welfare work, we have progressed from remedial relief work to the analysis and treatment of causes. What is the next step in the combat of poverty?

In education we have all sorts of model schools side by side with antiquated educational institutions and programs, experimenting in ways of saving the creative impulse that is in every child. How will these schools relate themselves to life with its stern requirements?

In the assimilation of immigrants we have learned to appreciate the importance of racial and national backgrounds. How are we going to salvage the individual and family abilities and cultures which the immigrants bring with them as well as their social heritage?

In health reform, in labor management—in every other field of social practice—we have advanced immeasurably from the naive misconceptions of difficult problems in the time of our grandfathers to truer knowledge, more constructive programs,

"Not alms, but a friend," was a motto that signified progress twenty years ago; later it was, "Not charity, but justice."

What shall our next motto be?

Survey staff representatives will have sample copies and a counter full of the latest books at the National Conference in Washington.

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WHAT THEY SAY OF THE MARCH GRAPHIC

SURVEY GRAPHIC has attempted a distinctive service in giving over an entire issue to a description of present-day Russia, made up in large part of articles by prominent Russians. The material is authentic and unprecedented in its variety and frankness. . . . The result of the ensemble is a picture more human and convincing than any since the beginning of the Soviet regime.—*New York Globe.*

An unusually clear picture of post-revolutionary Russia.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The recent admirable Russian number of the Survey Graphic.—*The Freeman.*

Russia's "recovery" is painted in such bright colors in the current Russian number of Survey Graphic that those who wish to know the truth about Russia's progress under Bolshevism will be interested in a few figures showing actual conditions.—*Youngstown Indicator.*

What is the situation in Russia? Survey Graphic devotes most of its March issue to letting Russians tell their own story. The Soviet leaders discuss their aims and what they have accomplished. . . . In the midst of this rosy discussion of the arrival of the millennium we come on a prosaic article by an American, Allen T. Burns. . . . Apparently the Russian situation gets down to this: The Bolsheviki have a lot of theories which they think will work if only the rest of the world will feed the country while they are trying them out.—*Kansas City Star.*

Aside from its specific contents this number of Survey Graphic lends itself easily to use as a textbook on propaganda at a time when the American people are apparently much concerned with the problem of public opinion and the truth. . . . The dreams about Russia are adequately represented in the Lunarcharsky and Lenin articles, but the facts are also there for those who want the facts.—*New York Evening Post.*

A remarkable piece of journalistic enterprise, from every point of view. . . . We have seen nothing in recent months which throws so much light upon the actual conditions of life in Russia. Valuable as the articles are, they come very near being thrown into the shade by the strength and beauty of the illustrations. We should be sorry if any of our readers failed to see them.—*The New Republic.*

Congratulations on the Russian Issue. It is the first magazine I ever read through.—*Upton Sinclair.*

I consider the Russian Number alone well worth the year's subscription price.—*D. J. O'Connell,* attorney-at-law, Towner, North Dakota.

Enclosed please find a subscription list of forty-six names. Begin with the last number of Survey Graphic, on "Soviet Russia." That is the first information that has come from Russia that I have taken the time to read, and I would like to have it in the hands of my students.—*William A. Lewis,* Department of History and Political Science, Junior College, Kansas City, Missouri.

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SURVEY GRAPHIC
Monthly

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Twice-a-Month

A journal of social, civic and industrial welfare and the public health. Subscription, including the twelve Graphic numbers

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Vol. L, No. 1 — The Survey : Graphic Number — April 1, 1923

HOW quickly we forget! It is less than five years ago that the secretary of labor, William B. Wilson, with considerable support from the assistant secretary of agriculture, Carl Vrooman, and the secretary of the interior, Franklin P. Lane, advanced the idea that, to solve the problem of labor shortage in agriculture, an army of industrial workers might be organized and routed in such a way as to supply every part of the country with the additional help it needed in the required volume and at the right time. Mrs. Bruère at that time published a novel, Mildred Carver, U. S. A., which gave a fascinating picture of the effect on the lives of individuals of a year's conscripted labor of young men and women in the service of the nation.

The patriotic zeal of that period has rapidly faded and a proposal for compulsory service of that kind, seriously advanced today, probably would find little support. But the need and the effective way of meeting it remain; and today Mrs. Bruère, now a member of the SURVEY'S editorial staff, returns to advance a plan by which the farms' demand for labor might be met in a way which at the same time would satisfy an age-old, universal, human longing.

WHEN the American farmer found himself in despair in the period of deflation that followed the war, Aaron Sapiro, a young California lawyer, brought forward his plan of cooperative marketing, a plan based on the principles of the Danish cooperatives which had been successfully tried out in his native state. That was three years ago. Since then Mr. Sapiro has organized sixty of the largest cooperative marketing associations in the United States whose membership approaches half a million and with a total of marketable products which this year will come near half a billion dollars. Mr. Sapiro, who has recently helped to organize the National Council of Farmers' Cooperative Marketing Associations, in this issue gives us the first of several articles describing the dramatic rise of producers' cooperation in the United States.

GERALD W. JOHNSON is associate editor of the Greensboro, N. C., Daily News—a journalist whose sound judgment of southern social and economic affairs and sympathetic understanding for characters and motives make him an ideal interpreter of the South.

MARY SHEEPSHANKS, daughter of the late Bishop of Norwich and formerly a settlement worker, has recently completed a lecture tour of the United States, following eight months' travel through South America. Her article describes some of the human elements back of the boundary dispute between Chile and Peru which President Harding has recently been asked to arbitrate.

REGINALD HEBER SMITH, a Boston lawyer, is known to many of our readers as a leader in the "poor man's lawyer" movement and as author of the study of Justice and the Poor. With the article in this issue, Mr. Smith once more exposes a great flaw in our system of administration of justice and describes the practical beginnings of a better plan.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, author of The Brimming Cup and other novels, has previously contributed to SURVEY GRAPHIC. Her article in this issue is from a book to be published shortly by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A YEAR ago a well-known rural sociologist criticized SURVEY GRAPHIC and most other American illustrated magazines for portraying rural life in America altogether on its dreary and discouraging side. We challenged him to produce the artists who have interpreted more inspiringly the life and labor of the American countryside—and he failed. Nevertheless, we are able in this issue to reproduce the work of two living American artists who see more than drudgery and worry in the farmer's spiritual outlook.

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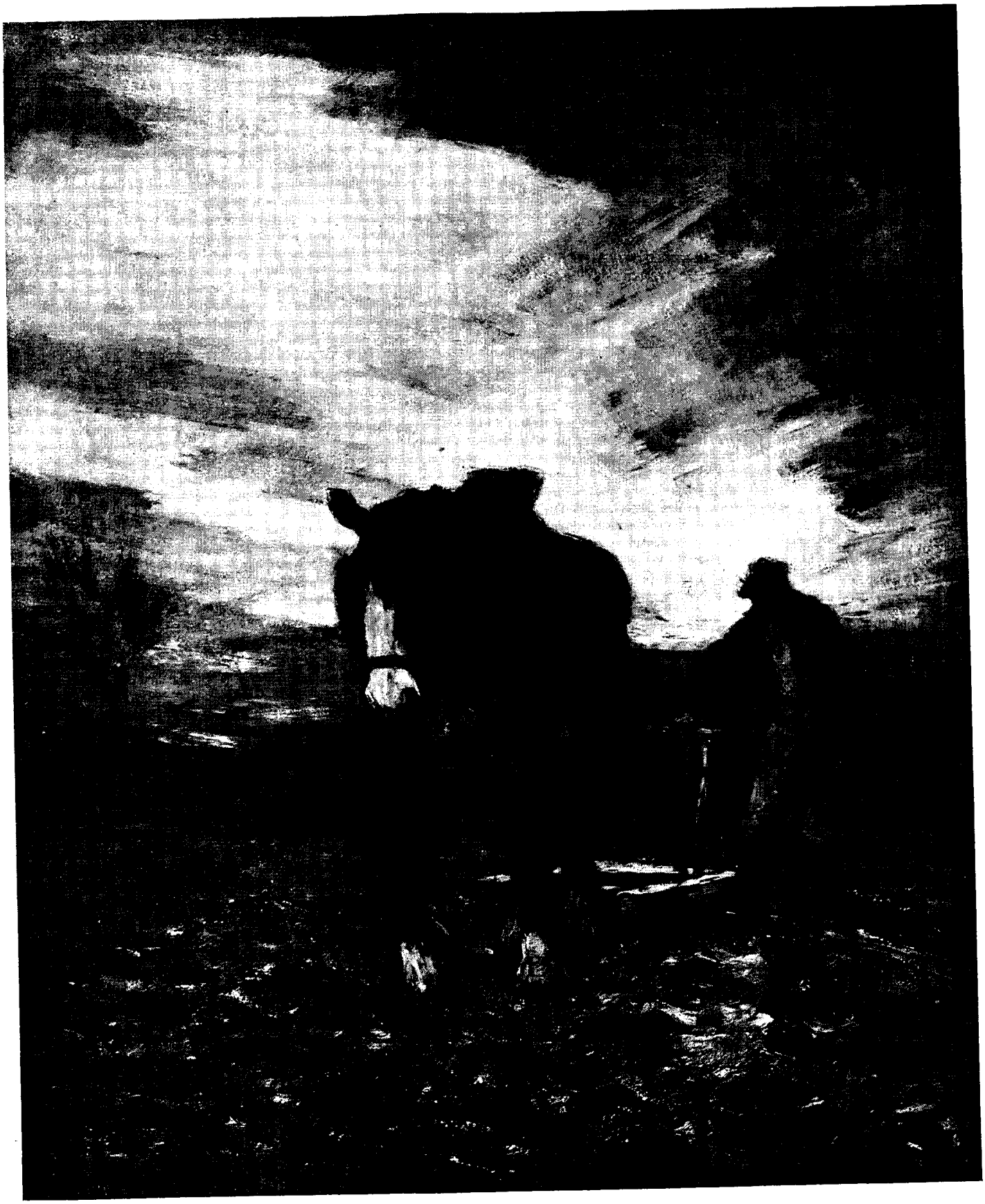

SUNRISE

Painting by Horatio Walker

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

APRIL 1, 1923

Volume L
No. 1

Spring Planting

An Old Longing and a Modern Need

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

THE patches of dark gray snow in our front yard had shrunk day by day, and the uncovered soil had softened until the little rivulets could sink into the ground. The earth had turned the corner, and standing on the steps above the inviting bare ground we rejoiced in the need to plant grass seed. But one does not keep grass seed like pepper and salt on the kitchen shelf, and seed stores are to be reached by street-cars. The conductor could not refrain from grinning as he took my fare. He regarded the whole universe, temporarily embodied in me, with large benevolence.

"Ain't it a grand day!" he said when he could keep silence no longer.

"It *is* a grand day," I replied with an eye out for early window boxes.

"It's a pity we gotta work—we ought to be out in the country."

"Yes, we ought to be planting something."

"Yes—ain't it a grand day!"

The boy who sold grass seed leaned companionably across the counter.

"Say, ain't it a gran' day!"

"It *is* a grand day!"

"Makes you want to jump your job and go out in the country to plant something. People been buying seeds all day. It's a gran' day!"

Outside the door two men greeted each other.

"Say, Will, ain't it a grand day!"

"It *is* a grand day!"

"We ought to get off our coats and go planting something—a grand day like this!"

We all have that feeling as the spring comes on—a recessive or dominant characteristic according to how the Mendelian theory works out in us—for we are all descended from far more generations of farmers than of industrialists. Seed planting and culture were very old upon the earth before modern industry was begotten—so much older that the wish to work in the ground has settled into an instinct while the wish to work in the shop or office is merely an economic necessity.

CROSSING Iowa on a slow train we made friends with a farmer on his way home. It was spring, but much of the rich land that crept past the car windows was unplanted.

"Yes, there's a good deal of it lying by. But who's to get in the crops and tend to 'em? I just been way up to Des Moines after hired help and there ain't none—none that'ud be worth their salt anyway. What 'm I going to do? What the rest of us is doing—sit tight! There—that's my land—begins right beyond the silo and runs along a mile and a quarter and back over the rise. I've raised more'n you'd expect to the acre on it. But it didn't get planted last year and it won't this. My boy's gone clerking it in the city and I ain't got no help. I'll put in what I can myself and sit tight on the rest. Land's going up all the time, if I got to sell."

IT'S no new thing with the farmers not to have help enough. Year after year comes their plaint that unless they can get farm hands they cannot grow food, with the corollary that unless they grow food the cities will starve; but year by year the number of farm laborers decreases. In 1910 there were 12,659,082. In 1920 there were nearly two million less.

And the unsown fields call for help. Between the last of February and the middle of June the acres must be planted, and year by year for the last twenty years there have been fewer to plant them. The

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wheat surplus which we have been exporting since the seventeenth century is fading away. We are no longer the granary of the world, not because we have not acres enough but because there are not enough people to sow and reap them. The Mississippi Valley calls for workers, and the prairies, the meadows of the South Atlantic states, the little green valleys between the New England hills and the long strip on the Pacific edge. The great cosmic urge is on every acre of it. There is the need to bear fruit, and the land calls for men.

And to that half of us who live in towns, instinct calls just as loudly—calls for the feel of the soft, spongy earth under foot and the look of leaf buds rounding against the sky and the touch of the long, grey fingers of the rain against our cheeks. The instinct of workmanship, our distinguishing human characteristic, calls for its prehistoric expression on the soil. It is natural for this spring impulse to express itself in work. It has always done so—that is its ancestral, traditional characteristic. Those of us have survived whose ancestors in past ages planted in the spring. In July we may want to lie under a tree and watch the birds against the sky day in and day out just "livin' easy"; but in the spring we want to do something about it. It is change we are after, not idleness. Spring fever has an object such as midsummer idleness has not.

Then why don't we go and plant when the fields are ready and the impulse is on?

How can we! Civilization, in the stage to which we have succeeded in bringing it, sets the price of freedom and change so high that normal human beings cannot pay it. We have jobs by which we earn our bread—perhaps beloved jobs that involve pleasant companionship and consideration and deft fingers and active brains, but jobs that take no cognizance of changing desires, jobs that keep right on. Will they be waiting for us when we come back? Why not? We wait for them when the dull season comes, when the shop shuts down and we are out of work. But we have not yet grasped the possibility that it may be just as important to satisfy the planting instinct as to satisfy the economic need through our regular job.

IT comes upon us all, this urge to dig the soil and plant seed in the earth, to the old men in the almshouses as well as to the young workers in the factories. Reports of public institutions in Rhode Island and Connecticut, New York, Michigan and Massachusetts all show that when the little puffs of April air begin to come from the south, there is a stirring of old bones, an ancient impatience with rules and regulations. As the sun dips to the north the organized charities are asked for fewer meals, the municipal lodging houses empty themselves, and from May till November the charity woodyard is deserted. As the sun melts the snow from the New York streets, the official boat discharges at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street "to themselves" those derelicts who have spent the cold weather in the institutions of "the Island." They shuffle about for the few days it takes them to gather a tiny stake and then strike out for the New Jersey farms or up the roads to Westchester county. Early March saw them in the streets this year, and they too regarded the world and the people in it as benevolently as though spring still held promise for them. The ambulances were clanging along Twenty-sixth Street with their procession of sick and injured, the police wagons went by, the abandoned children and the petty criminals were taken past, but these old men were oblivious to the dark procession, for the spring was leading them forth to the land.

WE have all through the country just the sort of situation which in any well ordered diagram would be seen to balance perfectly: on the one hand thousands of acres needing men, on the other thousands of men eager to plant them. It looks exactly like a workable equation though it is still unsolved.

We found it unmastered in the valleys of the Blue Ridge where the spring comes early. April has just begun there when the hills rouge themselves with the purple pink of the Judas tree, and dust themselves over with white dogwood blossoms. From the rough roads along the hilltops the plowed patches show reddish-brown along the streams at the bottom of the valleys, brown and mostly deserted. We traveled miles through low, neglected woods and met nothing nearer human control than the far-off tinkle of a cow-bell. Once a Judas tree lifted suddenly and there was a log cabin at the turn of the road, its cracks stopped with yellow clay, its tiny windows planned more with the idea of keeping out the winter winds than of letting in the spring sun. Attenuated black pigs wandered about with a cow of no known breed. Tow-headed children dodged away like rabbits behind the corner of the house. A barefooted

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woman in a blue calico dress and a sunbonnet greeted us furtively.

"Howdy, strangah, whe-ah d'you hail frum?"

Nature was busy bringing thin green shoots up through the warm ground, shoots of fern and lily, burdock and poke weed, things which she strangely prefers to corn and oats, even to cabbages and beans. I asked the woman when they were going to get their seeds into the land that had been plowed.

"They-all felt 'bliged to come an' turn ovah them fields when it got wahm. But they ain't planted yit, an' ev'body's gone back workin' in the mill."

For forty years the cotton mills and railroads and growing industries of the South have drawn a stream of cheap labor from these valleys. It is true that the soil between the hills is not rich. The Blue Ridge rocks break up slowly, and the primary work of disintegration which nature leaves to trees and shrubs is by no means done. But such human assistance as was formerly given to bring the soil into line with the perfect climate and the satisfactory rainfall has stopped because of the demands of town industry which offers the people food and clothing and companionship—and balks the spring impulse. The mill towns, little and ugly, have absorbed them. The fields of the Blue Ridge are going back to the forest, and the equation is as unsolved here as it was in Iowa.

Neither has it been solved in western New York, though millions of restless city workers are within reach. I was talking with a farmer there who raised the usual cry that he couldn't get farm hands.

"Well, why should you?" I asked suddenly.

"I've got to have them to make the farm pay," he answered in pained surprise. "But they rather go to the city—they've got to have excitement and moving pictures. They don't appreciate the country. They don't want to work, they rather join one of their unions and strike and beat each other up. They're so restless! Now I've never been more than a hundred miles from here in my life, but they're always on the go. I tell you what it is, if the trusts didn't have such a big tariff and make so much money they couldn't pay them such wages, and they'd be glad to come back to the farms. It's all the fault of these agitators and the tariff—we've got to get the Democrats in again. They ought to remember that the farmer can get on without the city man but that the city man 'ud starve without us."

He was a gentle soul, possessed of three hundred rich acres, and he really believed himself when he talked.

The difficulty in solving the equation lies chiefly in the number of unknown quantities. On the one hand the spring impulse is diffuse and vague. No definite channel has been dug for it. It wastes itself. Plant what? Plant it where? No one organizes our collective longings. No one tells us what to do. The impulse dies out in restlessness. And the demand for workers is just as vague—merely an undocumented certainty that we need more hands to work, that those acres must be planted. How many men? When? To do what? There have been many guesses but no knowledge until quite recently. Now we are beginning to acquire wisdom enough to find out.

There are, for instance, twenty-three million acres of spring wheat to be planted. It is an extra-speculative crop because if it fails there is no time to put in anything else; but we must have it because we Americans eat white bread increasingly, twice as much per capita in 1920 as we did in 1839. A little of it is planted in Lousiana and South Carolina during February. By March the great fields of Oklahoma and Kansas are to be sown. April sees it in the ground in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota and Nebraska. In May the northern fields from Michigan to Vermont are planted. And the work takes about four and a half hours of a man's time to every acre and continues about seventy-nine working-days which on a farm are at least ten hours long, so that we need over a hundred and thirty thousand men to plant the spring wheat.

Then there are the hundred million acres to be planted to corn and cultivated two or three times in the forty-five days between planting and tasselling. From the minimum of nine and a half hours to the acre in Nebraska to the maximum of twenty-three and a half hours in Virginia, the time varies through all the fractions there are. The average is about sixteen hours. From the time the first grains are put into the soil of southern Texas in February, up through the corn belt to the Canadian border at the end of May are the Hundred Days of Corn, and the need for a million, seven hundred thousand men.

The planting of oats covers practically the same time and territory as the corn planting and from

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three to nine hours of labor to the acre. Barley begins a month later and is finished at the same time, after having from three to seven hours put on it. Potatoes take from eighteen hours in Minnesota to fifty-six hours in New York to plant and cultivate before the harvest. And there are all the fruit and vegetable crops and tobacco and cotton with a demand for labor sufficient to exhaust the spring fever of millions of us. But if we concern ourselves only with the two great crops of corn and spring wheat we find that in addition to the resident farmers and their permanent help a million extra men are needed for three months. A "Want Ad" for them would read:

WANTED. One million hands for one hundred days to plant and cultivate corn and wheat. Must be intelligent and reliable and willing to travel, but not necessarily skilled. . Time —February, March, April and May.

Where are these million workers to come from?

TWICE a year in New York and Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati it is "slack season by pants." Between the making of the spring clothes and the autumn clothes some hundreds of thousands

of workers have little or nothing to do. They gather at the street corners and talk; on warm days they sit in the little parks and talk; in the evenings they wander back and forth past the soda fountains and smoke their cigarettes and talk; at night they go home to their crowded tenements and talk and talk and talk. There is little else for them to do. They even eat sparsely when it is "slack season by pants."

For the past thirty years the coal miners have averaged ninety-three days of idleness out of the working year, and there are 733,936 of them. This idle time is scattered irregularly throughout the year, but it exists nevertheless. There are idle seasons for the boot and shoe workers, and among the tanners and in the steel mills and automobile factories, and a long dull season in the cotton and silk mills. Almost every occupation has seasons when the tide of work dwindles to a thin stream and then goes all but dry.

There are plenty whose work hangs on the turn of the sun as the farmer's does, and plenty who have all-the-year-round jobs and cannot be spared. But we have men who could be free, and the farms need their work. Why not bring them together?

THERE are two reasonable objections neither of which is of any serious value. The first is that the slack times in the various industries seldom coincide with the acute demand on the farms. The other is that the industrial workers know nothing about farming.

So far as man's convenience has made the busy and slack seasons in industry, they can be adjusted. What intrinsic reason is there that buttons or umbrellas, ruchings, tin cans or shoes should be made at one time rather than another? Market reasons, profit reasons, storage reasons, habit reasons are just no reasons at all. We know that they can be removed because under stress of emergency they have been. And the great crowning example of this is the wheat harvesting.

This is a short, sharp, arduous, largely unskilled job. It is as though the hosts of harvesters lay in wait to circumvent nature; the farmers furtively rubbing out a few heads to see if they are as full and hard as they will become, on tip-toe to catch the moment between the final filling of the grains and their dropping from the chaff in the careless, prodigal sowing of nature, and then swooping down and snatching the wheat away into barns. This rush job suffers perennially for lack of men. It is a feather in the cap of the United States Employment Service that they organized the wheat harvesting in seven states. They gathered the available workers, made arrangements for cheap transportation, and poured them into Oklahoma at the critical moment; then collected them again and sent them north to the next fields to be reaped, and repeated this again and again to the limit of the wheat belt. The wheat was got in largely at the perfect moment, and by forty-five thousand men instead of the eighty thousand which it had formerly required. It was a demonstration of what can be done under the perception of a sudden emergency, but not a patch on what can be accomplished through deliberately facing the perpetually recurring emergencies of agriculture and seeing to it that the busy seasons on the farm and the slack seasons in industry coincide.

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AT this point of the article the managing editor asked irrelevantly, "How are you going to do it?"

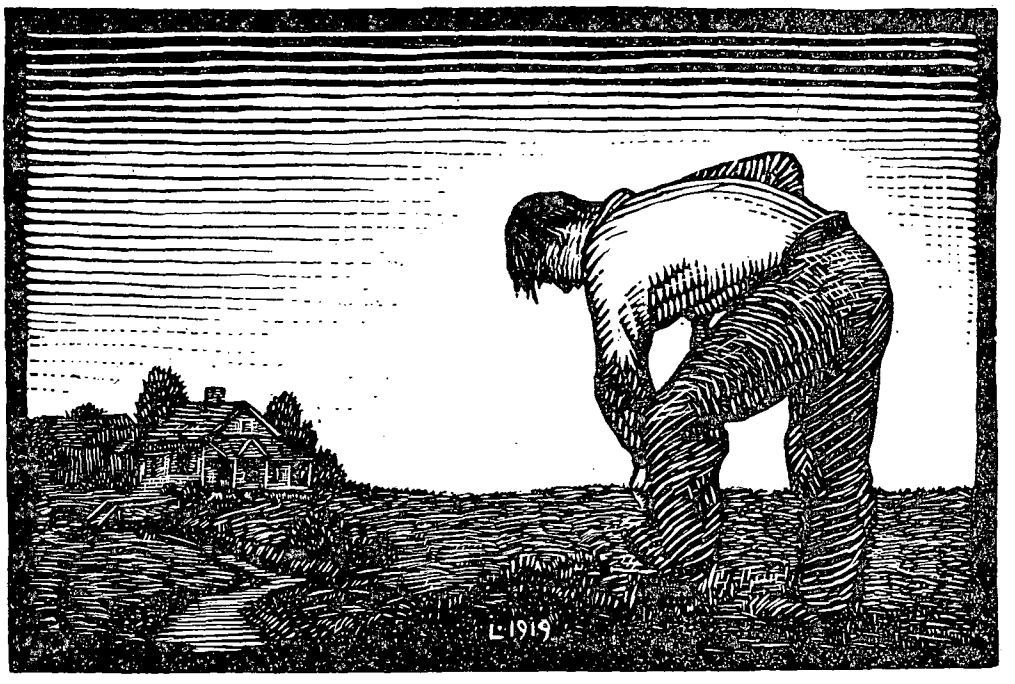
Nothing so embarrassing as to be brought up short in the full flight of an argument! But after all the machinery to accomplish it has already been established in a small way—and what is started can grow.

The public employment service organized the wheat harvesting. It is already in a desultory sort of way sending workers to the farms in the spring. It is sending bands of fruit pickers to the orchards around New York City. It has helped the work of fruit harvesting in Michigan.

Suppose—just suppose—that the number of men needed within a radius of say one hundred miles of Kansas City, the work they were wanted for, the time they would stay, the wages they would get and the housing and food that would be furnished them, were filed in a public employment bureau. Suppose also that the industries within the same radius—or at least within easy railroad reach of it—had also on file with the employment bureau the number of employes they could spare at certain times—slack times which had been adjusted to meet the agricultural work. Suppose the employment bureau acted like a great receiving hopper for these men temporarily released from industry—as a hopper and a spreading machine both. Suppose where men and women could both be employed it sent husbands and wives together; suppose wherever satisfactory accommodations were offered it sent whole families; suppose when there was need of men alone it sent them, or women alone it sent them instead. Suppose it "routed" these workers as carefully as a theatrical agency routes its vaudeville "attractions." Suppose also it brought them back their old jobs which it was agreed should wait for them till the busy season in their industry came again. It's still a supposing story in great measure although it has begun to precipitate into reality—the "supposing" part is merely to make it grow, to feed it the accurate information which the government is gathering, to man it adequately, and to finance it well. Already groups of men, groups of women, whole families do go out upon the land in the summer and go back in the autumn—already the slack seasons of industry release them from the shops.

"But the farmers won't like that sort of help, will they?" objected the managing editor again.

Of course they won't! The farmer is an individualistic soul, just a bit "sot" and apt to have the economic ideals of his father, not to say his grandfather. What he subconsciously wants is a strong able-bodied young man who has done farm work all his life, who is content to begin the chores before sun-up and complete them after dark, who can be trusted to run the cultivator in the forty-acre lot without supervision, whose idea of wages is $30 a month, and to whom modern ideas of shelter, food and sanitation are intrinsically foreign—a man, moreover, who when autumn comes will unprotestingly fade into invisibility and reincarnate in the spring. There are no such men.



It is true that industrial workers are not skilled farm hands, but then no one is born a trained agriculturalist anyway. It is a trade to be learned. While harvesting is practically unskilled, planting and cultivating are no more than semi-skilled. Plowing, harrowing, seeding and cultivating have become machine operations involving chiefly the driving of horses and the handling of levers. It is no longer done with feet on the ground and fingers in the dirt. Most men and many women can do it. It does not require half so much skill as milking a cow. The second year a man ran a cultivator between the springing rows of corn he would do it better than the first, and the third year better still.

THE chief objections to rearranging industry so that the idle industrial workers can go to the farms are social reasons—social and geographical. The wheat and corn crops are simple employments in continuous areas. So far the workers in them have been chiefly unmarried men, already more or less migratory. To organize the longer term of the spring planting in the cut-up valleys of the East with diversified industries all about is quite another matter. So is the fruit farming of the Pacific Coast and the truck gardening around the great cities and all the other forms of specialized production. But

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the need to use married men and women is the most difficult thing of all. For not only is the tendency of this temporary migratory work to employ single men, but also to keep them single and migratory; to transform the workers into what Carleton Parker called "homeless, voteless, womanless men." It would be poor economy that disrupted families. But would it be more difficult to keep them together than under the present intermittent seasonalization of work?

There are the parallel cases of the sailor gone from his family months at a time and the modern traveling salesman. Marriage is by no means unusual in these occupations nor, according to the courts of domestic relations, especially hazardous. And then there is always the possibility of a family migration. It happens now with the fruit pickers and hop pickers, badly managed in many cases and often a scandal, but quite possible to accomplish decently.

Will the workers be content to be moved about like this? How can we tell? They are certainly not content now. One of the causes of unrest among them undoubtedly is that so many of the natural human instincts are balked by the conditions of mass production as we have developed it—the instinct for change and freedom and the power to move about not the least among them. And then it is not as though some changes were not inevitable. There is double disaster in the present situation—lack of people to grow food, lack of employment for people who make things. Some change is certain to be forced upon us by the slow, painful process of evolutionary trial and error unless we avert it by foresighted planning.

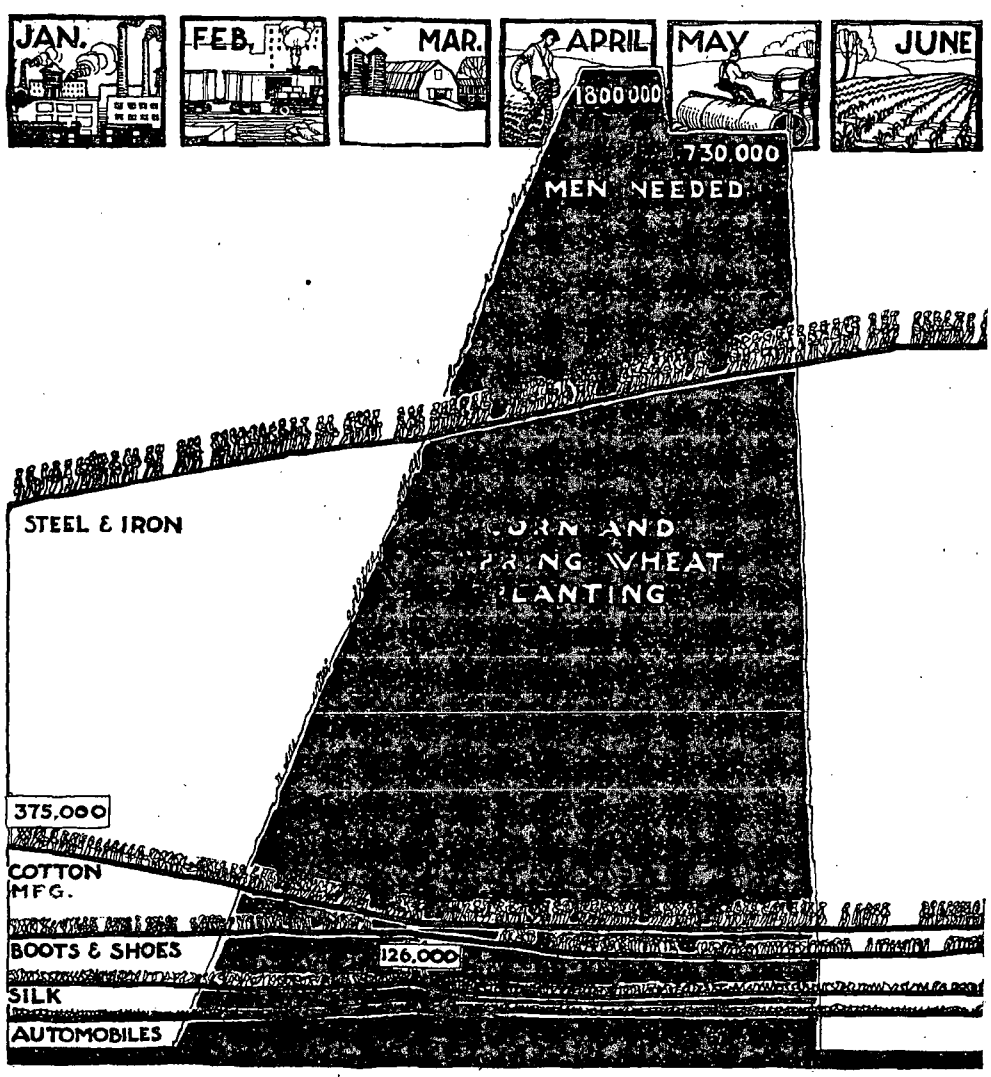
It is true that the organized workers are not trying to solve their problem this way. Their idea is either that industry should be stabilized on an even all-the-year-round basis—a thing that is quite possible—or that wages should be forced up to a point during the busy season which will tide them over the slack time. Industrial management also is not keen about this sort of plan, for it is a serious thing to disrupt a working group, it destroys morale, and the overhead charges go on continuously.

Ultimately every social adjustment must fall or persist by its effect on human beings. Suppose industrial production were stabilized throughout the year, would it be satisfactory? Would fifty weeks a year at the pressing-iron, or the power loom, or

MAHOMET AND THE MOUNTAIN

Occupations that draw their existence from the very soil itself must be seasonal. They constitute the mountain that cannot move. Other occupations are influenced by numberless economic factors and social traditions that cause their labor demands to rise and fall from month to month; but they are not dependent on the seasons with their absolute laws of sun and rain. They constitute Mahomet who can more or less direct his own actions.

Since the mountain of agriculture cannot move, it remains for the Mahomet of industry to gird his loins — to distribute the demand for labor in such a way over the year that his slack periods may coincide with the busy periods in farming. Wherever there is such coincidence now, we should see to it that the unemployed men of Mahomet's army are marched to the mountain.



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the blast furnace, or the turning-lathe, produce the sort of citizens we need in a democracy? The long strike of the coal miners last year was in part a fight against intermittency of employment. Suppose they win fifty weeks of even work in the dark of the mines? What then?

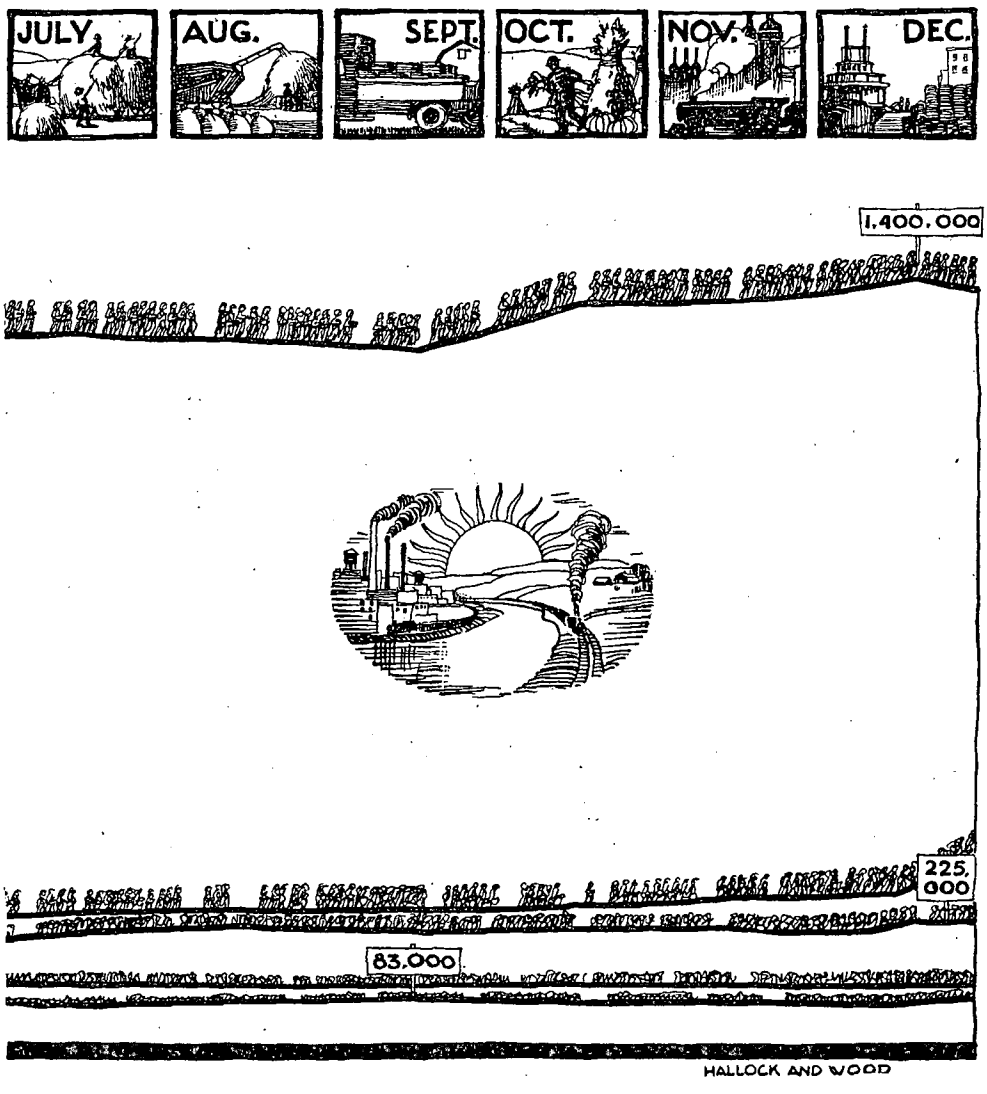
LAST year we drove along Panther Creek through the anthracite field. The road, rutted, sometimes almost impassable, twisted high above a narrow stream black with coal waste. Great ugly breakers straddled across it; horrible mountains of refuse coal and slag like dulled black jet encroached upon it. Sometimes they were held back by rickety fences, sometimes they had slid and we had to force our way through. The road led from coal town to coal town, sometimes so near the creek that the clustering houses were built only on the hillside, sometimes so far away that they could overhang the creek on stilts. Unpainted rickety houses, dirty stores, infrequent churches and schoolhouses, smells, refuse, ugliness and filth, and over them all these dusty mountains of cut jet glittering dully in the sun.

Aren't two hundred and twelve working days enough to spend in Panther Creek? Just how much of the year can society afford to let a man spend digging coal or tanning leather or spinning cotton or forging steel?

It hasn't seemed to occur to us that these things could be adjusted—that there is anything to adjust. But recently has come recognition of the fact that it takes something in addition to food, clothing, shelter and even self-expression in work to make up a normal life. Before the driving mass production of today the adjustment of one job to another was a family affair. All people planted and reaped when they must, and pursued home industries when they could.

Now the work of growing things has been taken away from one-half the human race, and the work of making things from the other half. Naturally it hurts! But quite as naturally, if we see the trouble we can mend it.

The great equation can be solved through the recognition of those distinctly human instincts that have been in us ever since the race was young—the instincts of freedom and mobility, and the conviction that the earth with the spring on it is ours, and the right to get back to the soil at the turn of the sun.



The figures used in this diagram are based on various government reports. The "mountain" representing the rise and fall in the demand for additional labor in spring planting does not take into account the actual supply of labor which remains more or less stable, but the amount of man power per acre required at the time of planting crops as estimated in the last Agricultural Year Book.

The curves for five major industries represent the total number of persons employed each month in 1922, calculated by applying to the census figures of 1920 the statistics of unemployment reported monthly by the United States Department of Labor. Each perpendicular inch represents 357,000 persons employed. As shown in the table given on page 64, the fluctuations last year in the labor employed by these five industries range from 10 to nearly 60 per cent and, if the lowest points in each could be made to coincide, would represent a possible maximum reserve in a given month of over half a million persons

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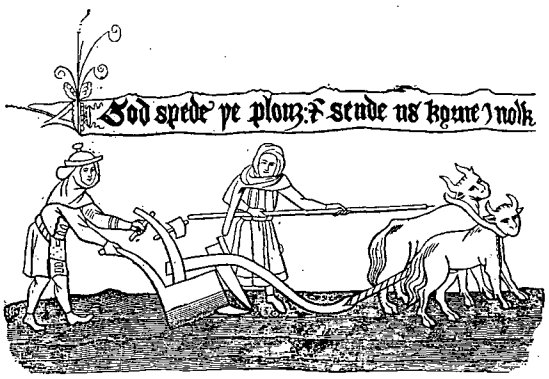

Three Poems

THE RETURN

Surely waiting is old wisdom; else
Why will the sun be warming winter earth?
Why will the somber land hold fast its strength
In silence underneath cold skies, until
The tide of days is turned and life rides back?
For in this bitter semblance of all death,
Though no sign tells, the pulse of nature shakes
The measure of new years within its heart.

There are such seasons in the course of men
When selfishness is on the warmth of life;
But in this stern denial of the days
Lies something that can break, through barrenness,
The winter of our hard-packed souls, and stir
The deep-laid forces that bring back the Spring.

MacKnight Black

THE OLD BLIND GARDENER

Recently, while strolling near the Missouri river, I saw an aged man on his hands and knees weeding a garden. His groping manner led me to inquire concerning him. I was informed that he was stone blind, but that he made his way to the garden, found the vegetables and removed the weeds from them entirely by his educated sense of touch.

If to plow is to pray, if to garner
Is to chant psalms, it is godlike
To crawl in darkness amidst weeds
And free the brave and cherished plants.

If it is faith to lift shining eyes
To crossed sticks and a wax figure,
It is sublimity to fondle crying stems
And all unseeing bring the sunlight's kiss.

If beaming steeples pin a hope,
And words of psalmody are nectar to the heart,
There is divinity in whispers mild
Out of sheer night to tiny, garden babes.

If rainbows preach the glorious text
Of immortality beyond the tomb,
How shall we list the soul of him
Who, kneeling, smiles at unseen clods?

If searching eyes within the starless gloom
Plead for the kindly torch of God,
What shall we say of this old gardener
Who drops a blessing from his endless dark?

Will Chamberlain

A SONG OF THE HOE

O it's work, work, work wid dese tired ole han's,
A-diggin' an' a-scrapin' in de ole cotton lan's,
A-workin' for de bacon
An' a-workin' for de bread,
An' a-workin' for a shelter
For dis tired ole head.

Yes, I chop, chop, chop
Wid my ole fiel' hoe,
An' never any stop
On the long, hot row,
A-teemin' wid de nettle an' de mornin' glory vine,
While songsters are a-singin' in de clingin' muskydine,
A-diggin' out my livin' from de ole brown dirt,
A-pullin' wid my fingers till dey bleed an' hurt,
From de sun till de sun
While my pickaninnies run
A-laughin' through de meadows in deir joy an' fun.

But O, what a struggle for de ole black man,
A-workin' an' a-sweatin' as a black man can,
Early in de mornin' when de breeze blows not,
An' early after dinner when de sun shines hot,
An' in de weary evenin' when de sky grows red
An' sheds its rosy light upon dis tired ole head,
A-diggin' an' a-scrapin' wid de ole fiel' hoe,
A-weedin' out de cotton in de long, hot row,
Makin' money for de Mahster an' a holiday for Miss,
An' stealin' home at twilight for a pickaninny kiss.

Den to supper an' to bed
Wid a hot an' weary head,
For a little rest an' sleep
Till de day begins to peep,
Den it's up again to work—
It will never do to shirk—
For de cotton must be hoed,
An' de meadow must be sowed,
An' dese ole stoopin' shoulders
Must git underneath de load.

But we sing as we hoe
Down de long, long row,
For we's all de time a-laughin'
Whar de black folks go,
For no matter what the burden
Dat we got to tote along,
We makes it heapin' lighter
Wid de black folks' song.

From de morn till night
While de sun shines bright,
From de night till morn,
O, we never are forlorn,
For we'se got to live an' die
As de days go by,
An' we never takes de trouble
For to ask de reason why.

So it's work, work, work while de sun shines bright,
An' it's work, work, work from de morn till night,
Keepin' up de diggin' as de hours go past,
An' a-keepin' up de singin' while de heartbeats last,
A-workin' an' a-sweatin' for my pickaninnies' bread,
An' a-sweatin' an' a-workin' till de ole man's dead.

John F. Smith

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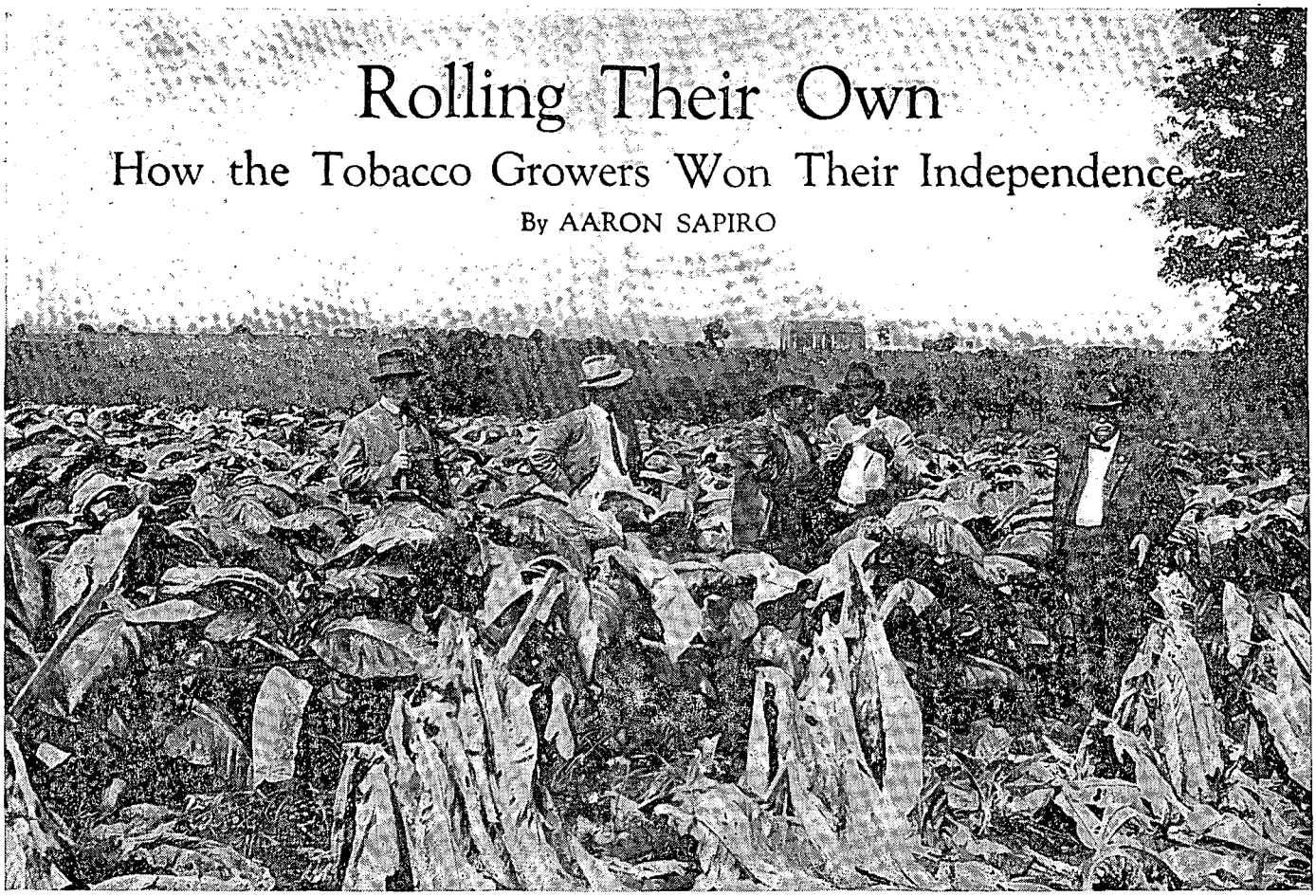
Rolling Their Own

How the Tobacco Growers Won Their Independence

By AARON SAPIRO



"YOU can't organize the tobacco growers," the farmer from Mason County, Kentucky, said to his neighbor in the smoking car on his way to a tobacco meeting in Lexington.

"Why not?" the stranger wanted to know. "There are unions in all industries nowadays."

"Yes, those factory hands and foreigners have their unions. They're a bunch of whipped curs who'll take orders from any one. But we're a different breed." The man from Mason County straightened. "The southern farmer with his wide-brimmed hat, and his two feet planted in his own blue grass soil won't take orders from God A'mighty about how he's to market his crop."

"Well, he's been taking 'em from the tobacco buyers now for some time," the stranger remarked.

And that was where the dig came in. It was also where cooperative marketing came in. There had for a long time been a suspicion in the mind of the southern farmer that he wasn't getting a fair deal when he hauled his crop to the loose-leaf warehouses and put it on the auction floor to take his chances with the buyers. So long as he thought the game was square he did not complain. He could take his losses like a "sport" even when, in the case of the tenant and small landowner, the stakes were twelve months of heart-breaking labor by himself and his wife and children. But to be exploited was quite a different matter.

There are three classes of tobacco growers—the big landowner who owns from seventy-five to one thousand acres, cultivated by himself and his tenants; the small landowner who with his own family and hired help "raises a crop"; the tenant who pays $100 a year rent for a "house, yard and garden" and tends ten acres of tobacco and ten acres of corn on the share crop basis. However different their social and economic status may be, they are all of the same moral fiber—native-born Americans, with the southern tradition of fair play and sportmanship, and "independent as a hog on ice" with respect to their rights.

From the social viewpoint, it is the tenant who is the most interesting. Though he once owned his little farm, he has gradually been forced into permanent tenantry. His resources are so small that everything he does with a dollar becomes an important thing. His details of life are part of a routine, and any change in his economic background has an effect on him every day in the year. Something over 90 per cent of such tenants live in Virginia and the Carolinas, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, and Tennessee. In those states, the average income of a tobacco farming family was around $400 over a period of ten years. Of this, about $240 came from tobacco, and about $160 from corn and other crops. For the five years ending with 1921, which included the high war-price years, the tenant farmer's tobacco income averaged for all districts the sum of $310 per annum. This meant that frequently there were no shoes for the children's feet. He lived on pork, "corn-pone,"

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" 'lasses"—and hopes. His house was usually a one-room log cabin with a lean-to kitchen and an attic. His life was an endless round, one year's crop hardly out of the way before it was time to sow seed for the next. For growing tobacco is a year-round job—from "burning the beds" in March, through plowing, setting, cultivating, suckering, worming, cutting, housing, drying, stripping, to the marketing of the crop the following February.

Came the astounding seasons of 1918 and 1919 and, for the moment, what seemed to him unheard-of wealth stared him in the face. It looked as though a stop to the harrowing pressure on him was coming at last. Jeff Clay, not a mile away, had actually paid all his debts and bought a Ford—on installments. Lee Calhoun had counted out cash money to a piano dealer for a player-piano, and hauled it home on the empty tobacco wagon—his wife had been saving for an organ twenty years. Rags were stuffed in place of glass in the Calhoun windows, children's grimy clothes hung on nails against the smoky, fly-specked wallpaper, but the player-piano stood in shiny, incongruous magnificence, a pledge of the moment's prosperity.

The farmer did not ask whether such affluence might last. He borrowed every new dollar he could —often mortgaged his crop—to raise plenty of the golden weed in 1920.

In the Burley district, it cost him not less than sixteen cents a pound to make that crop. Then, the gentlemen who bought his tobacco, to deliver it in turn to the other gentlemen who made it into cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco—all of which the public was buying at the same prices it had paid for them the year before—suddenly decided that his tobacco had overnight become a worthless commodity. The farmer found himself lucky to get an average of ten cents per pound.

The warehouses opened for sales, closed, then opened again. Some farmers hauled their tobacco home and dumped it back on the soil for fertilizer; others reached for a gun to shoot up the warehouses where the sporadic selling was going on. Everywhere there was bitterness, the sense of having been sold, and a fighting determination to get even.

The farmer was facing ruin. He could give up completely; and the banker and the storekeeper to whom he owed money could give up with him—or the whole lot of them could listen to a new idea. They did listen—and they acted with quickness and despatch.

Thus starts another tale of two years. In that brief time the tobacco growers "put across" one of the biggest and most daring cooperative marketing schemes of this day.

They had made attempts at organization before. There had been the "pool" of 1907 when the exasperated growers, headed by "Irregardless" Le Bus, one of the large growers in central Kentucky, set out to fight the buyers. The plan then was to pool the crop of that year, cut out the next year's crop and, having gained some control of the market, to dictate terms to the buyers. But the organization was loose and the scheme failed. The "night rider" thrills of those days are still remembered, when enraged farmers were burning barns and whipping men in a desperate effort to curtail production and to create by terror a better range of prices. The remembrance of those days now stirred in the minds of even the backwoodsmen a glimmering of the relation between supply and demand and price, a sense of the necessity for united effort on a large scale, and taught them the futility of lawless tactics, and of trying to remedy conditions by the cure-all of cutting down production. They were ready to organize upon a plan that proposed to control not the production but the marketing of their crop.

The story of the formation of their new cooperative marketing organization may be found in the story of the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association. This group of producers in Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and West Virginia, which takes its name from the Burley tobacco it grows,

A Lexington warehouse under the old auction method of tobacco selling. The buyers are clustered around one bale, the farmers are anxiously waiting to hear the hit-or-miss valuation of their year's work

did more than the comparatively short crop and all other influences combined to bring a reasonably fair price for tobacco in 1921, not only to its own members but throughout all tobacco markets—and the tobacco farmers of the entire country realized it.

It was in April, 1921, that Judge Robert W. Bingham, of Louisville, Kentucky, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal and the Louisville Times, called a meeting of leading tobacco growers, bankers, dealers and country merchants to present a plan for cooperative marketing.

Judge Bingham and his friends knew two things: first, that if some fundamental remedy for the to-

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bacco farmers' condition was not immediately found the industry faced abandonment—and the whole section of the country dependent upon it faced violence and ruin; second, that this remedy must be a reform of the system of marketing the farmers' crop.

Yon can count on the fingers of your two hands the firm names of those manufacturers who take 95 per cent of the output. Partly through hundreds of expensive buyers on their own staffs, and partly through independent speculative buyers, they used to acquire their tobacco under what is known as the "auction system."

The grower cut his tobacco, stripped it, and sorted it into three general divisions—lugs, trash, and leaves. He loaded it in square, flat baskets on great wagons, piling it high, covering it carefully with tarpaulin, or rag carpet, or bed quilts, until the wagons looked like prairie schooners. They stretched in endless zigzags from the open country through the main streets of the towns to the large tobacco warehouses. Here the wagons were unloaded and the baskets put in long rows with the baskets of other growers. The big growers and the little growers would thus seek buyers. Up and down between these rows walked the buyers and the auctioneers, the warehouse employes running busily here and there, the growers themselves an interested little audience, each one hoping that his tobacco would draw a top price, the auctioneer chanting the bids in rhythmical monotone, his body swaying to the accompaniment of his voice—"Eight'n 'n a quarter, a quarter, a quarter, a half—"

Under the new cooperative plan the growers turn over their crops to the association, to be graded and sold on a business basis. This photograph was taken in a Lexington warehouse in 1921

The buyers bought and graded that tobacco at the rate of one basket every four seconds—fifteen sales to the minute. Imagine how thoroughly they graded it; and imagine who got the benefit of the doubt in grades, the buyer who knew what he wanted, or the grower who knew nothing more about his tobacco than that it was "lugs, trash, or leaves." Also, imagine the reality of the "auction," since unless the buyers were numskulls, each would know within three minutes the limits of the others and all their instructions.

At one time the system was given a little test. Some growers agreed to sell their tobacco in the first row, then change the tags and move it to the second and third rows. One farmer sold the same basket of tobacco ten times, with prices ranging from 8 to 28 cents per pound. The same buyer who bought it for 28 cents had also bought it for 11 cents. Under such a system the farmers were simply helpless. There was not a chance for a grower really to know whether the market would absorb 100,000,000 pounds of Burley tobacco, or what it would absorb. No one grower knew anything of the tobacco market. No one even knew the grade of his own stuff. There were different markets all around selling tobacco at varying prices without knowledge of whether there was a real demand or merely a big bargain hunting expedition in that market.

Of course, the grower could refuse to take the offered price; he could pay for lodging and meals, stay in town over night, come back again—and the next day have to sell. He had to sell to pay his bills; because the bankers and the merchants to whom he was indebted demanded payment. And the buyers knew he had to sell. He sold his tobacco without a real chance even to try to name a price. It was dumping de luxe!

The plan through which Judge Bingham's committee proposed to do away with this auction system was to sign these farmers to an iron-clad contract which did not become effective until it had been signed by producers of 75 per cent of the entire Burley crop. This contract made the signer a member of a cooperative society to which he promised to pay an initial membership fee and to deliver for sale every leaf of tobacco that he produced for the next six years.

The big guns for the actual sign-up drive were first fired about the first of October 1921. On the 15th of November, the names of 55,700 tobacco growers, producers of 76 per cent of the 1920 crop, were on the dotted line. The growers could not pay their membership fees in cash, but Judge Bingham advanced all funds required for organization expenses and took his chances on the success of the movement.

From their own number the cooperating farmers immediately elected a board of directors whose first action was to take advantage of their unusual luck in expert material right at hand, and to elect James C. Stone of Lexington president and general manager, and Ralph M. Barker of Carrollton warehouse manager. Mr. Stone is recognized as one of

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The "Big Three" in the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association: Ralph M. Barker, manager of all the receiving plants; James C. Stone, president; and Robert E. Beatty, manager of the Lexington warehouses

the tobacco experts of the country. Mr. Barker, too, has had a successful career in the warehousing, redrying and buying business. Both, large farmers themselves, had the full faith of the farmers and possessed the respect of the "trade."

Then the board got down to business. They had to receive 75 per cent of the 1921 crop by January.

Also, the association, which had incorporated temporarily under the cooperative marketing law of North Carolina, had to incorporate under the laws of Kentucky; and to do that, they must get a new act on the statute books of Kentucky. The Kentucky legislature met in January. The Bingham Cooperative Marketing Act was introduced on the first day of the session; and within seven days the bill had been put through the necessary committees, passed unanimously by both houses of the legislature and signed by the governor. It was the quickest record for legislative enactment in the history of Kentucky. The whole state was up in arms to see that this new tobacco marketing giant should live.

The board found immediately that it needed warehouses to receive the tobacco. They had incorporated the marketing association without capital stock, but had provided a plan whereby subsidiary corporations were organized to acquire the warehouses and to pay for them over a term of six years by deducting a percentage from the proceeds of the growers' tobacco. The grower would be given corresponding credit in common stock in this subsidiary warehouse corporation. At the end of the six years, the growers would own the warehouses outright, each in exact proportion to his deliveries of tobacco.

These plans were put up to the existing warehouse men to learn if they would stay with the association to help receive and handle the tobacco. One hundred and seventeen warehouses agreed. The association was given immediate possession. The owners of these warehouses turned nearly six million dollars' worth of property over to that association without receiving a cent of cash, solely on their faith in its ability to keep its promise to pay for them over a period of six years!

Then there was the problem of grading the tobacco. President Stone called in certain buyers and with them fixed up the only real system ever devised in the United States for the purpose. Every leaf is graded by letters A, B, C, D, etc., according to its position on the stalk; and the condition of the leaf is noted by numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, according to length, color, moisture, weight, and all other factors that are commercially important. Fifty-two grades were established. Then he advertised for men from all over the territory and opened a grading school at Lexington. More than one hundred and fifty came, about eighty-six of whom qualified. They were sent over the territory to the different receiving plants with just one instruction—to grade tobacco. They would have no knowledge of whose tobacco it was, or the prices, or values—just pure impersonal grading of tobacco, so that every grower would get impartially the value and benefit of the exact grade of tobacco he had produced.

Next came the problem of receiving that tobacco and making an immediate advance payment to the growers upon it. Afterwards it would be pooled by grades and sold, the cost of doing business would be deducted, and the proceeds divided among the growers, every grower getting the same price for the same quality.

Getting money for the advance payments constituted the first problem. After the tobacco was dried

Put This in Your Pipe!

In 1920 there were not five thousand tobacco farmers in the United States even trying to sell tobacco cooperatively. This year five great cooperative marketing organizations of tobacco farmers, each growing a particular type of tobacco, are selling about two-thirds of the entire American tobacco crop.

The story of the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association is told here. With a similar organization the Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association, handling the bright tobacco of Virginia and the Carolinas, has 85,000 members, representing approximately 66.66 per cent of the total crop; the Dark Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association, with headquarters at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, has approximately 60,000 members. who grow about 75 per cent of that crop; the Connecticut Valley Tobacco Association has over 3,300 members, producing 84 per cent of the cigar wrapper tobacco grown in Connecticut and Massachusetts; and the Wisconsin Cooperative Tobacco Pool, with over 6,000 members, is selling 78 per cent of the Wisconsin type.

All except the Burley association were selling tobacco this winter for the first time. The Burley unit, leading the whole enterprise, functioned in full blast with the 1921 crop, handling 120,000,000 pounds of a 175,000,000 pound crop.

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and put in hogsheads, the War Finance Corporation would lend money on it. But that would take three weeks, and it was calculated that $3,600,000 would be required for advance payments on the deliveries of the first three weeks.

The board called in the bankers and stated: "We have established fifty-two grades. Here they are. Please study them and tell us what would be a fair loan value on each grade of tobacco."

Two bankers in Louisville were particularly interested. They took the samples and fixed an average of ten cents a pound as a fair loan value on each grade—an advance payment higher than the full price many growers had received for their whole crop in the previous year. The Louisville banks agreed to lend $1,500,000; Cincinnati promised $1,000,000; the country banks offered a bit more. Everything was neatly arranged when along came a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

About a week before the warehouses were to open for the receipt of tobacco, the counsel for one of the leading banks in Louisville gave out an opinion that the whole proceeding was illegal and improper; the organization a violation of the Sherman Act, and that any banker who lent money to the association would be in trouble. The gentleman had had all the papers in his hands for months. Why had he waited till this particular time? Why was his opinion unchangeable after certain grave errors were pointed out to him? For, in the face of

One of the 55,700 farmers who made possible the success of the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association by signing a pledge to turn over his crop for the next six years to the association. These pledges gave the association control of three-fourths of the entire Burley crop

a clear-cut decision of the United States Supreme Court, and in spite of repeated rulings of the Federal Trade Commission and practically all decisions of lower courts bearing on similar organizations, he maintained, first that there was no exempting clause; and then that Section VI of the Clayton amendment to the anti-trust law was unconstitutional. Moreover, he knew there would be two dollars' worth of collateral for every dollar of loan, and that no banker could possibly lose a penny on the transaction. However, he insisted that black was white, and he was a big enough figure to carry a doubt into the minds of those upon whom the association was dependent. Hesitation meant ruin. For the moment the association faced failure.

Then the spirit of the cooperators asserted itself. Judge Bingham offered a million dollars of his personal fortune. James Brown, president of the National Bank of Kentucky, stated to a meeting of Louisville Bankers:

> The attorney has suggested that this is improper and unconstitutional. I am not convinced that any loan to the association would be jeopardized. Even if I thought he was absolutely right, I still say that this is the most important movement that has ever been undertaken for the general interest of this state; and I am going to lend my limit to this association unless some one stops me.

Encouraged by his example other banks followed suit. Louisville and Cincinnati banks offered about $1,800,000.

Then a meeting of the country bankers was called. They came by the hundreds. Judge Bingham and Mr. Stone told them frankly what the lawyer had said, gave them all the facts and put the solution of the problem straight up to them.

One said that his bank had only $30,000 capital and surplus, and his legal limit was $3,000. He said, "That is not much; but whatever it is, it is for your association. There is no use for a bank down there unless it can help agriculture to make good. And I am going to help it to make good." Another

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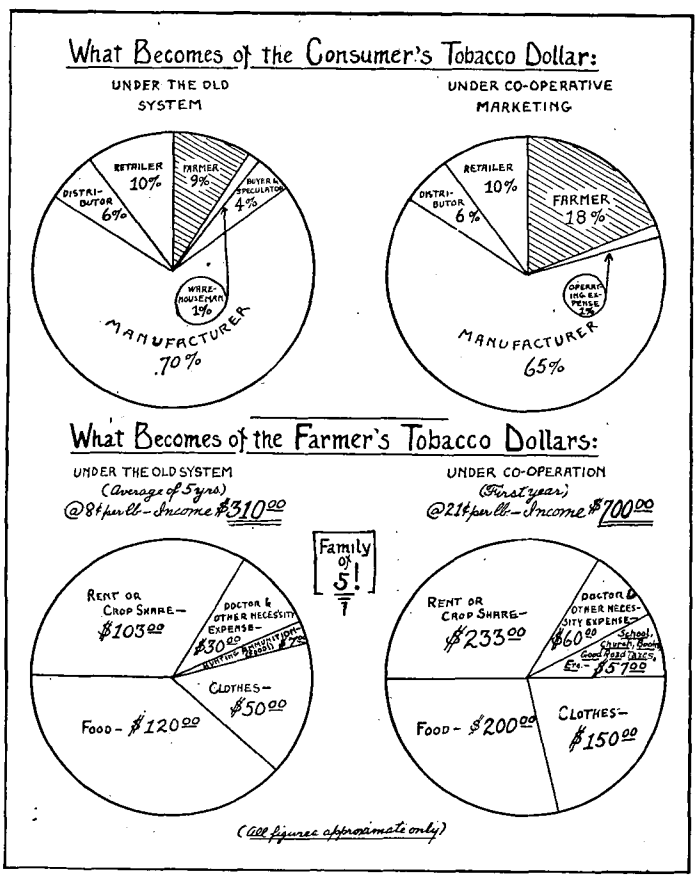

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Behind the Monster's Mask

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

WHEN the Rhode Island textile strike was in its early stages, Samuel Gompers contributed to the discussion the observation that the matter at issue was less a dispute over wages and working conditions than an endeavor on the part of New England textile workers to avoid being dragged down to the level of southern textile workers. In the SURVEY for September 15, 1922, Paul L. Benjamin quoted with horrified amazement the barely veiled recommendation of a North Carolina textile trade journal that violence be employed, if necessary, to prevent the invasion of southern mills, and the inevitable corruption of their workers, by aliens or workers possessed of alien ideas. Within the year H. L. Mencken, writing on another subject altogether, has referred quite casually, and as to a fact so well known of all men as to need no further establishment, to "the revolting atrocities of southern cotton mill owners."

Now, surely, here is a marvel. It is worth turning aside to view. If this country has produced a certain group of manufacturers whose oppression of their workers is so monstrous as to have become a by-word, that group is certainly worthy of careful study. If, on the other hand, deliberate slander and unfortunate coincidence have combined to give the country an altogether false impression of the southern cotton manufacturer, that is no less marvelous; and the group would in that case deserve attention on account of its very lucklessness.

At the bottom of his heart—and in many cases prominently displayed to view—the southern mill man has a profound conviction that the latter has been his hard fate. The world is against him. He builds houses, schools, Young Men's Christian Associations, churches, commissaries, cafeterias, rest-rooms, swimming-pools and public baths for his workers, and they grow more shiftless every day. He employs physicians, visiting nurses, social workers, landscape gardeners for their benefit, and his labor turnover rises to 300 per cent annually. He posts up in his mill placards bearing such inspiring and comforting sentiments as "This company wants every man to have a square deal," and the ingrates strike. Without, he is beset on every hand. Congress passes child-labor laws almost as fast as Judge Boyd can declare them unconstitutional. Organizers of the textile union are perpetually bobbing up in his precincts, financed, he darkly suspects, by his rival manufacturers in the North. And incessantly, in season and out of season, he is roasted by liberal journals and by northern newspapers, held up to public contumely as a conscienceless monster, a devourer of children, a merciless grinder of the faces of the poor—he, who is so stoutly determined to save the souls of his people if he has to break their necks to do it, that his expensive private police force is kept busy half the time chasing bootleggers and disorderly women away from his morally immaculate village! Talk to him about his wrongs and he will grow voluble and excited, or sour and silent. He does not take them lightly.

Not that there are no compensations. After all, business is business, and—but let this entirely authentic story speak for itself.

The manager of a North Carolina cotton mill a day or two before the annual stockholders' meeting of 1921 was bemoaning in the presence of a friend the collapse of business.

"We are losing money every day we run," he wailed. "I ought to shut down the plant, and if it were not for keeping the organization together and the necessity of giving our people work I should have done so long ago."

"Oh, come now," said the friend. "I know that you are not cleaning up as you did last year, but surely you are not going to lose money on the year's work."

"Yes, we are losing," repeated the manager emphatically. "Every day we run means a dead loss."

A few days later the friend encountered a stockholder returning from the meeting.

"Well, I suppose you had to pass the dividend this year," he remarked.

"No," said the stockholder, "we declared an 18 per cent dividend."

"Out of surplus?"

"No, out of earnings."

"But your manager told me that you were losing money every day, and that he was running just to keep the organization together," objected the puzzled inquirer.

"Well, we have lost, by comparison with last year," explained the stockholder. "Last year we declared 75 per cent."

Of course that does not apply to every mill in the South. A large number of them did actually lose money during the hard year of 1921, and many of them kept their plants running purely out of innate decency and a regard for the welfare of their people. But it does give a glimpse of the tremendously profitable business that the cotton mill industry has been in the past. It prepares one for such further revelations as that one $100,000 corporation in less than twenty years issued $1,500,000 in stock dividends. It enables one to understand why, since its establishment in 1880, this industry has advanced in geometrical, rather than arithmetical, progression. It also enables one to understand why, now that labor is becoming steadily scarcer and more refractory, a certain type of

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southern mill man looks with horror upon the importation of operatives from the North, lest they rouse the southern worker to a more insistent demand for a larger share in these great profits.

Yet it must not be assumed immediately that the southern mill man's intransigent attitude toward trade unionism and all that it implies is based exclusively upon avarice. If that were true, he might adopt shrewder tactics than to declare, as did a Charlotte, North Carolina, operator during the strike of last summer, that he would die rather than recognize the union. With that man it had gone beyond a matter of dollars and cents; it had become a matter of honor or dishonor.

Hatred and defiance of organized labor superinduced by the lust for power is a characteristic common enough in industrial magnates to excite no surprise; but in the southern mill man it is frequently strengthened and intensified into downright fanaticism by a combination of forces peculiar to the history of the industry. That history is in itself extraordinary to the verge of the fantastic; and it has brought into being a group of manufacturers who are incomprehensible unless they are viewed in the light of the past.

For, the opinions of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mencken and the evidence quoted by Mr. Benjamin to the contrary notwithstanding, the southern cotton mill man is not a monster. On the contrary, he is generally a kindly man, honest according to his lights, astonishingly liberal in certain directions and sincerely anxious to improve the condition of his employes. Yet he fights federal child-labor legislation with religious fervor, enthusiastically discharges employes convicted of harboring unionist sentiments, and reads with tolerance, if not with approval, a suggestion in his trade journal that labor "agitators" be incontinently hanged on the nearest telegraph pole. All these manifestations might occur in an avaricious man afraid for his profits; but a man avaricious to that degree is consistently mean in all his relations, which certainly is not true of the southern cotton manufacturer.

But it is necessary to make only a cursory examination of the history to have a flood of light poured into the obscurity of the southern cotton mill man's behaviour. Dr. Broadus Mitchell's study of the rise of the industry explains things that all the "argument about it and about" has never touched —things only vaguely comprehended by the cotton mill man himself, and not comprehended at all by his critics.

To begin with, the cotton industry in the South was founded apparently in violation of every basic principle of economics and in flat defiance of all known rules of good business. The motives actuating the founders of most of the earlier mills and the arguments they used to induce their neighbors to purchase stock are enough to fetch Adam Smith raving from the tomb. In accordance with every ancient saw and precept of the business world, the industry should have withered promptly and died within a decade; instead of which it has flourished prodigiously.

It is by no means a far-fetched figure to say that the industry was created over night. In 1879, the industry hardly existed at all in the South. Efforts have been made to trace its beginnings to the period before the Civil War, but Mitchell has shown that the connection between the ante-bellum mills and those of the present is more apparent than real. The cotton mills in operation in the South in 1879 could almost have been counted on one's fingers; but in 1881 the number of mills in operation, under construction or in process of organization ran into the hundreds. Now it is one of the primary rules of business that any enterprise that is built soundly must start in a small way; the only exception admitted being in cases where men of long experience and huge financial resources combine to launch some such enterprise as the Steel Trust. The enormous cotton manufacturing industry of the South was built by men of no experience and limited capital. Only in rare instances was a mill organized by a veteran manufacturer from Massachusetts or Lancashire; and quite as rarely was stock sold outside the South.

To Heaven by Way of a Cotton Factory

Not less remarkable than the suddenness of the industry's rise was the spirit in which it was undertaken. Examination of such records as exist, and the testimony of men who lived through the "Cotton Mill Campaign" indicate that only in exceptional cases was the organization of a cotton mill urged upon a community as a carefully considered, closely reasoned matter of business. Much oftener it was urged on other grounds—the next town was organizing a mill, therefore we must have one; the Yankees—still heartily detested when reconstruction was a matter of yesterday—were getting rich manufacturing our cotton, therefore let us take it away from them; it is of record that one mill was started in a revival meeting, when one Mr. Pearson, "a lean, intense Tennesseean, preached powerfully" in Salisbury, N. C., that "next to religion Salisbury needed a cotton factory" to give employment to the poor whites of the vicinity. The mill was organized immediately after the sermon and is still in operation.

That, indeed, was the outstanding argument of the Cotton Mill Campaign—the necessity of affording employment to the poor whites. It was not an argument that would have appealed to Adam Smith, but it moved the South tremendously in 1880. That date corresponds roughly with the end of reconstruction. The white South had just recaptured its own government, which for the better part of the preceding fifteen years had been in the hands of newly emancipated slaves led by unscrupulous adventurers; and the wreckage which that regime had made of public affairs is monumental, even by comparison with the wreckage which the late war made in Europe. The condition of the mass of the people was comparable to the condition of the Austrians today, with the important difference that there was no American Relief Administration working in the South. But the federal troops

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had finally been withdrawn and the carpet-baggers had decamped. If most Southerners felt that they were still regarded with suspicion at Washington, the federal government at least no longer interfered with their efforts to pull things together; and in the enjoyment of that new freedom the South's leaders felt equal to anything. But it was perfectly obvious that their hard-won control of government must end in disaster unless they found means of banishing the specter of famine that haunted the homes of millions, especially of the mountain people and the dwellers in the foothills; cotton mills would furnish work for these, which would permit them to eat. Consequently the leaders rushed into the campaign with a religious fervor, and stock subscriptions were demanded with the same assurance with which subscriptions to Liberty loans were demanded in 1918. Naturally, mills multiplied like mushrooms.

There is a great deal to be admired in this. It was the desperate rally of a people with its back to the wall, a case of conscious evolution, a deliberate effort of a nation to convert itself from an agricultural to an industrial people. It gave to the cotton manufacturing business a curious sort of prestige, as of public affairs, and to the cotton manufacturer some of the dignity of a man in a position of public trust. That prestige still clings to the business, in some measure, and the elder generation of cotton manufacturers have never, in their own estimation, quite lost their right to be regarded as public benefactors.

But while the southern cotton manufacturing industry was not founded upon business principles, it had in its favor economic advantages so tremendous that nothing has been able to prevent its success. Proximity to the supply of raw material is one, and an abundance of water power easy to develop is another; but the great, overwhelming advantage has been that of a well-nigh inexhaustible supply of cheap labor. The condition of the hill people, especially, in the South of a generation ago was so pitiable that it is altogether beyond description. It is enough to point out that the chance to come down and work twelve hours a day in a cotton mill for fifty or seventy-five cents a day was to these people a veritable godsend. They poured into the mills by thousands and tens of thousands. Working conditions in the mills might be bad, but anything was better than the terrible fight for a bare existence that they had been waging on their rocky, barren farms.

They are still coming. The stream has dwindled, and it has been necessary to raise wages and make enormous improvements in working conditions in the mills to prevent it from drying up altogether, as improved methods of agriculture and easier communication have robbed the farms of the worst of their terror. Nevertheless, life in the high hills of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee is not yet a bed of roses; and the mills are still drawing heavily from the mountains.

But consider the inevitable effect of this curious development of industry upon the mill owner. In the beginning, he was not a manufacturer. In the hectic days of the Cotton Mill Campaign the first essential in the organization of a company was to secure as the head of the corporation a man of prestige in the community. The South was agricultural. It had no manufacturers. Therefore the mills used whatever was at hand. Scores of cotton planters were drafted into the mill business in that way. So were doctors, lawyers, jurists, merchants, even schoolteachers and clergymen. These were the men who established the traditions of the business. They injected into it the intense individualism of an agricultural people and something of the didacticism of the professions. Conscious of their own integrity and of the loftiness of their motives, they bequeathed to their successors an aura of superiority, which in smaller-souled men quickly degenerates into arrogance.

Most important of all, for the purposes of this study, they have handed down the memory of that campaign of the eighties when they went into the business, not primarily for the money they might make out of it, but first of all to help their fellow-countrymen by enabling them to help themselves. The first mills having been erected unquestionably as a public service, it has not been hard for subsequent mill builders to convince themselves that they are merely carrying on a great tradition, and that every new plant that goes up is a boon conferred by the builders upon the deserving poor.

From Slaveholder to Mill Owner

It follows naturally and inevitably that all the relations of the southern cotton mill operator with his workmen are imbued with this same spirit. His obligation to them he regards as paternal, rather than contractual. Granting the accuracy of that point of view, it is indeed, as he insists, evidence of his high-mindedness that he is willing to spend enormous sums looking after their physical, mental, moral and religious welfare. He simply cannot conceive that it would be better for the workmen to pay them that money in wages and let them look after themselves.

His opposition to trade unionism and federal regulation of any sort is sometimes disingenuous and based altogether on fear for his profits; but often it is quite honestly conceived in what he regards as his duty toward his employes. He regards himself as better able to judge the needs of his people and more disposed to meet them than labor leaders or government agents; and it is unfortunately true that a few unintelligent labor organizers and government inspectors have given color to this theory. As regards the federal government he has a worse suspicion. In the South to this day the federal authority is remembered in the form of bayonets around the polls, ballot-boxes carried off to Charleston to be opened by a military officer, carpet-baggers and scalawags looting the public treasury under the protection of the United States army—all the bitterness and shame of the reconstruction period. The very census reports in the early eighties be-

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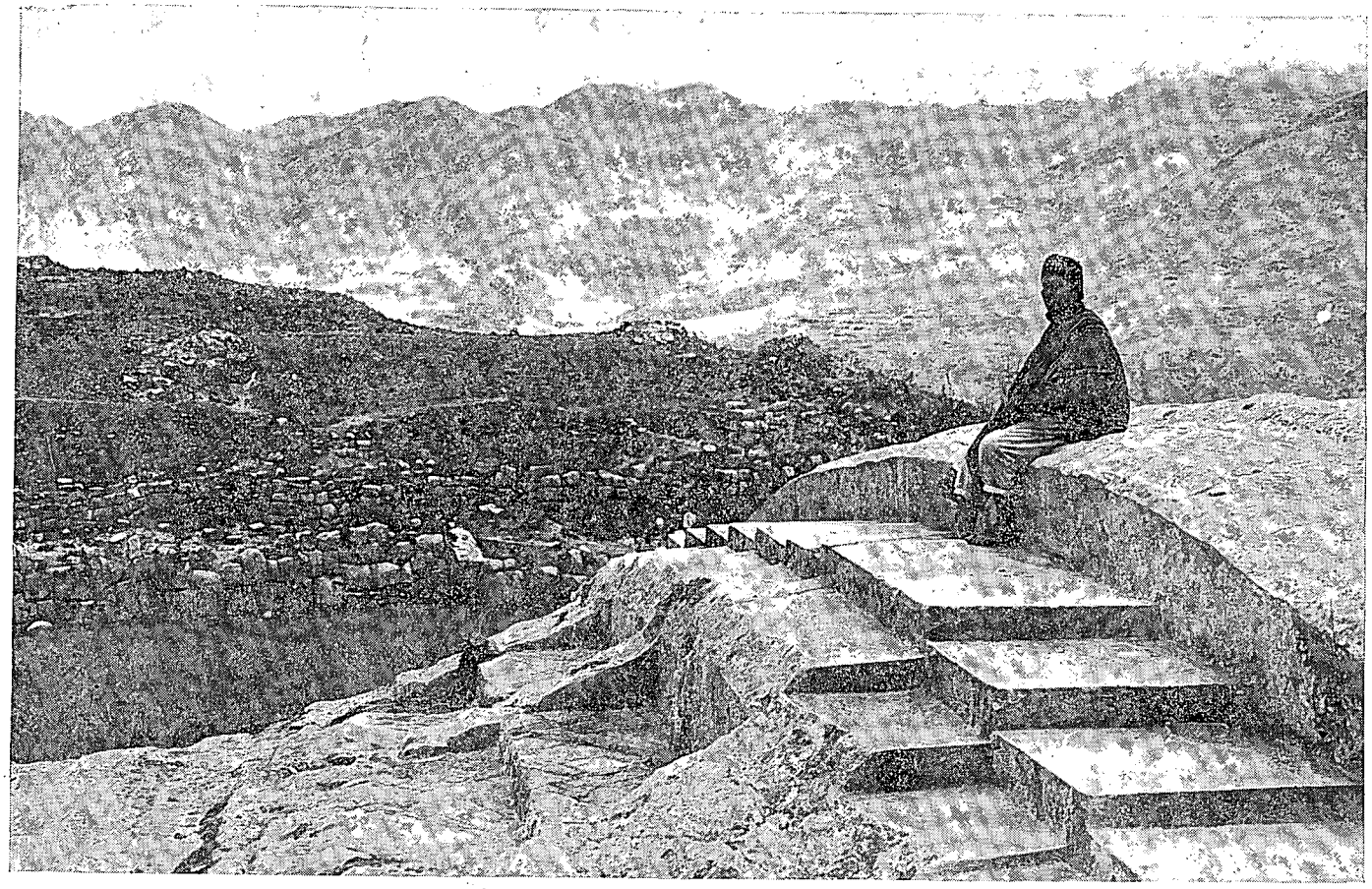

The throne of the Inca at Cuzco, Peru

The Most Ancient Cities in America

By MARY SHEEPSHANKS

ON the opening day of the Tacna-Arica conference in Washington, last May, I came upon a strange echo of the political agitation in Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital and City of the Sun.

By the middle of the long afternoon the narrow streets of the little town were filled with people all hurrying towards the great plaza; by five o'clock the huge square was packed with a silent throng, the carved wooden balconies above the colonnades were crowded, and on the rough cobblestones of the roadway space remained only for the procession, slowly emerging from the great red-stone cathedral. It was a varied crowd and embodied the three contrasting epochs of time which seem to exist simultaneously in Peru. Kneeling or standing in thousands were Quechua Indians, whose aquiline features, copper skins and lank black hair preserve the characteristic type of the ancient Inca race—the men clad in homespun tweed with poncho of colored stripes, a bag of coca leaves hanging from their girdles, peaked knitted caps with ear flaps, now held in their clasped hands; the women in faded blue gowns and striped "llijlla" or shawls, with the usual heavy bundle on their shoulders, and their flat hats removed for prayer; both men and women shabby, threadbare and dirty, but devout—in their arrested development still belonging to the pre-conquest epoch. Round the center garden of the square walk long files of women in black dresses and mantillas with the medal and colored ribbon of a religious society. They are followed by lines of little girls from the convent schools dressed in white with white veils; then come boys and men walking three or four abreast. These processions walk very, very slowly round the inner side of the plaza while along the main roadway approaches the chief procession; brown-hooded Franciscans, black Dominicans, white-gowned monks of San Merced, priests and acolytes chanting, a band playing; and then the great wonder-working image, the "black Christ," the "Lord of the Earthquakes"—a crucifix with dark brown figure with long human hair and crown of gold and jewelled nails, borne on a platform pedestal of solid silver whose workmanship dates from 1732. This throng of Spanish and half-caste monks, priests and devotees seems to embody the sixteenth century spirit of their ancestors who with cross in one hand and torch in the other forcibly converted the primitive Peruvian. I stand, hat in hand, outside the gate of the university. A knot of students and professors,

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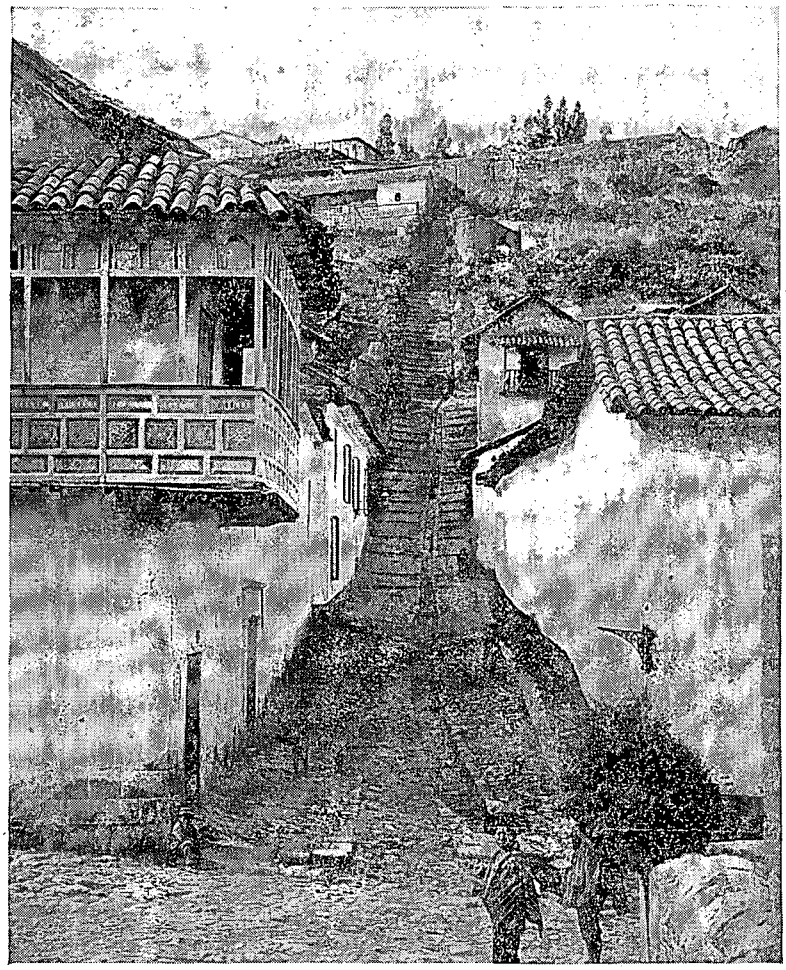

A street in Cuzco

detached but silent, are the one modern note in this medieval scene and remind one that this is the twentieth, not the sixteenth century. Otherwise the scene is strangely reminiscent of the old pictures of an Auto da Fé, and is imbued with much the same spirit, as one learns after a short stay in Cuzco, where one hears strange stories of bigotry. The Indians are sullen and disapproving; in their opinion the miraculous image should be reserved for its legitimate object, the prevention of earthquakes; they resent its exploitation in a mere political controversy between Peru and Chile. A year or two ago when the Lima government was conceding the right of free religious worship to non-Catholic bodies, the church authorities of Cuzco voiced strong opposition and proposed a demonstration headed by the Lord of the Earthquakes, but the university students threatened to stone the procession, and in the interests of order the governor forbade all manifestations.

What scenes this great plaza has witnessed from the heyday of Inca rule through the period of the Conquistadores to this day! The present university is on the site once occupied by the Jesuits and was built by them on the ruins of the palace of the Inca Huaina Capac, used by Hernando Pizarro as his residence. Underground tunnels beneath it are said to lead to the fortress on the hills above, and according to tradition, contain treasures hidden there by Inca and Jesuit. The church of the Compania, the company of Jesus, remains, next door to the university, a fine building of the same style as the cathedral, but no longer the home of the Jesuits. Darkness falls, the air turns icy cold (for at an altitude of 11,000 feet, the nights are severe), and the crowd disperses; it is too late to enter the cathedral.

Next morning there is high mass, a gorgeous spectacle—the altar and reredos of solid silver blaze with lights, priests in magnificent vestments are celebrating, the organ is pealing, in the beautiful stalls of carved cedar wood sit the canons in capes and skull caps of purple silk; the Indian boy acolytes in lace surplices wave silver censers; the congregation of black veiled women and brightly dressed Indians recalls the scene in the plaza. The whole setting is rich and magnificent; the walls are covered with ancient paintings; chapels filled with pictures and richly apparelled images are screened from the nave by gilded grilles. The whole church is filled with costly ornaments—the monstrance is of solid gold adorned with precious stones—the general impression is one of lavish wealth. The building was begun in 1560 but not completed until 1668, and has received princely gifts from pious donors of the see since its foundation.

The prehistoric tribes who first founded Cuzco chose a lovely site for their sacred city, a wide fertile valley 11,000 feet above the sea, with hills rising gradually around it and high snow peaks in the distance. The city is entered through gateways of the Spanish-colonial period; the streets are gay and pretty with low, one-story houses painted in bright colours, lemon, turquoise, coral, grey and white, with wooden balconies. The better houses are built in the usual Spanish-colonial style round courtyards, bright with oleanders, geraniums and palms, and surrounded by graceful colonnades and balconies. Besides the great plaza which, as is usual in South America, is the center of life and interest, there are three or four small plazas, one of which outside the Franciscan church and monastery is the market place where native pottery and homespun clothing are on sale. The squares are gay with flowers, shrubbery and fountains, and the general aspect is one of great charm and beauty, of old-world Spanish grace untouched by modern industrialism and vulgarity. The better quarters of the town are clean and well kept, though the paving is of the roughest; there are attractive homes of the old Peruvian families where old colonial furniture is still cherished.

The way through the poorer quarters of the town winds up steep, narrow streets to Santa Aña; open sewers run down the middle of the street, the only drainage. Wheeled traffic is impossible, and droves of heavily loaded donkeys and llamas move up and down. In the doorways of dark, cavernous rooms without windows squat swarthy women, cooking strange stews over charcoal brasiers. Sickly odors

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from the houses mix with the stench from the gutters. The inhabitants are predominantly Indian with varying degrees of half-castes, and they all look wretchedly poor. There is a striking contrast between this human squalor and the opulence of the cathedral!

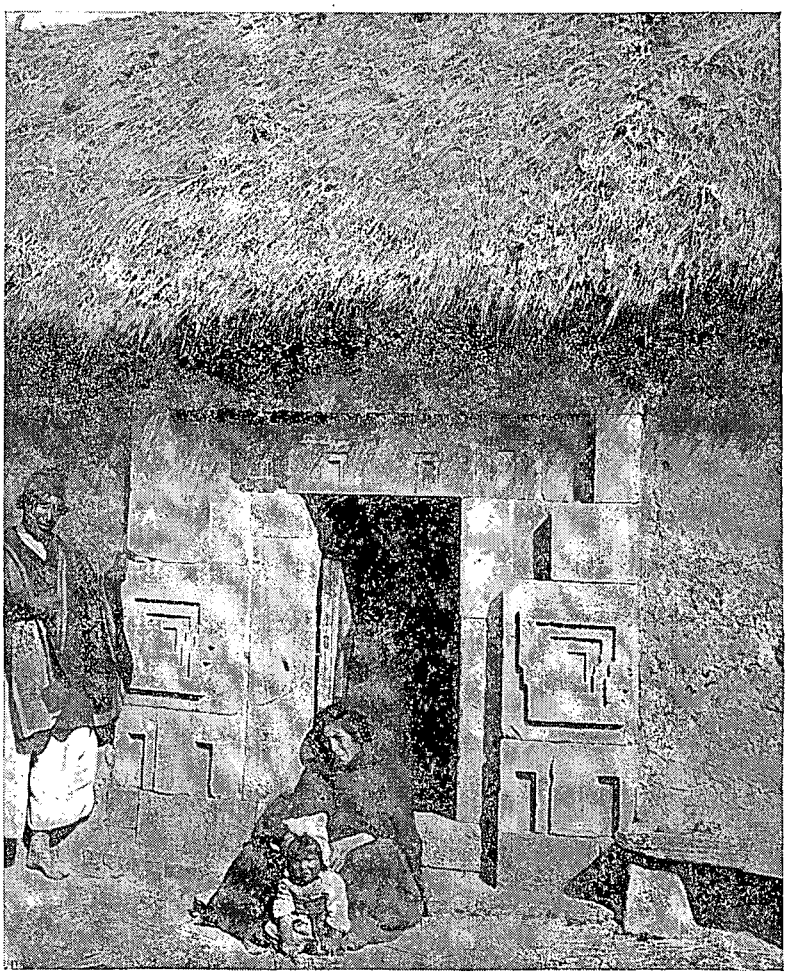
A rough mule track leads out of the city through meadows and fields of grain up into the hills, and a constant stream of bare-footed Indians laden with heavy burdens passes swiftly and silently in and out of the city.

At the last turn of the path, two or three miles out, a touching ceremony takes place; every Indian, man or woman, steps aside and, looking down at the ancient City of the Sun, bares his or her head and stands a moment in silent prayer, saluting, as his ancestors have done for thousands of years, the former capital of the great Inca empire and the center of its religious worship. For a moment the poor Indian, downtrodden and oppressed during three centuries of Spanish domination, assumes his ancient dignity and is one with the ghosts of the heroic past.

Cuzco, like Rome, offers perpetual contrast between the ruins of an ancient civilization and the monuments of the medieval and modern Church; but in Cuzco the living descendants of the conquered race are in their misery a perpetual reproach to the regime that replaced prosperous Inca rule. It is true that the Incas too were conquerors; their sway extended during a few generations from the Cuzco Valley through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and northern Chile. The historian Garcilaso de la Vega, champion of the Incas, and himself of Inca blood, declares that the Inca conquests were inspired by the noblest motives and were "a crusade to spread good government and a spiritual religion," and that their rule over the conquered tribes was wise, benevolent and responsible. Sarmiento in defense of the Spaniards, who made similar high-sounding claims for the religious nature of their wars, retorts that the Incas were aggressive and oppressive. Other historians tend to confirm Garcilaso's claim as to the moderation of Inca rule, but to the modern reader the spiritual claims of the militarist have a curiously familiar ring and offer food for reflection.

One thing seems clear, and that is that the Inca regime was at the same time the most rigid bureaucracy and autocracy and the most complete communism that has yet been tried. A strict census was kept of the population and of all natural resources, and detailed records were preserved. Every family paid tribute in kind. All men were liable for work in the fields and for military service, and in addition each had his special craft, weaving, mining, or whatever it might be. All labor was controlled by the state and was communal; the land of widows was ploughed first. There was no overwork and no poverty. Regular rest days were established and work was granted to suit the health of the worker. Each man was provided with raw material for his craft and with sufficient for his family needs. Produce was collected, registered and stored. The whole of life was regulated; inspectors and judges supervised conduct and repressed crime. Education in religion, history and war was given to the privileged class.

Aqueducts carried a water supply to the rainless regions on the coast which were thus enabled to support a dense population. Spanish neglect to maintain these aqueducts turned the once fertile coast into the desert it is today. But though communist in a sense, there was no "liberty, equality or fraternity" under the Incas. Their rule did, however, enable large populations to thrive and increase, and conserved and developed the national resources of the country. The Spanish conquest brutally destroyed this delicately balanced system, the natives were decimated by forced labor in the mines and on the plantations, the llama herds were reduced, the roads and aqueducts left to decay, the accumulated treasures of generations squandered, the works of art in precious metals melted down and shipped to Europe Centuries of oppression have crushed and dulled the Indian, and seeing his present miserable condition one wonders how long the sprinkling of men with some white blood can continue to hold down a large population restive under a sense of wrong. In some



A doorway of prehistoric stones at Tihuanacu

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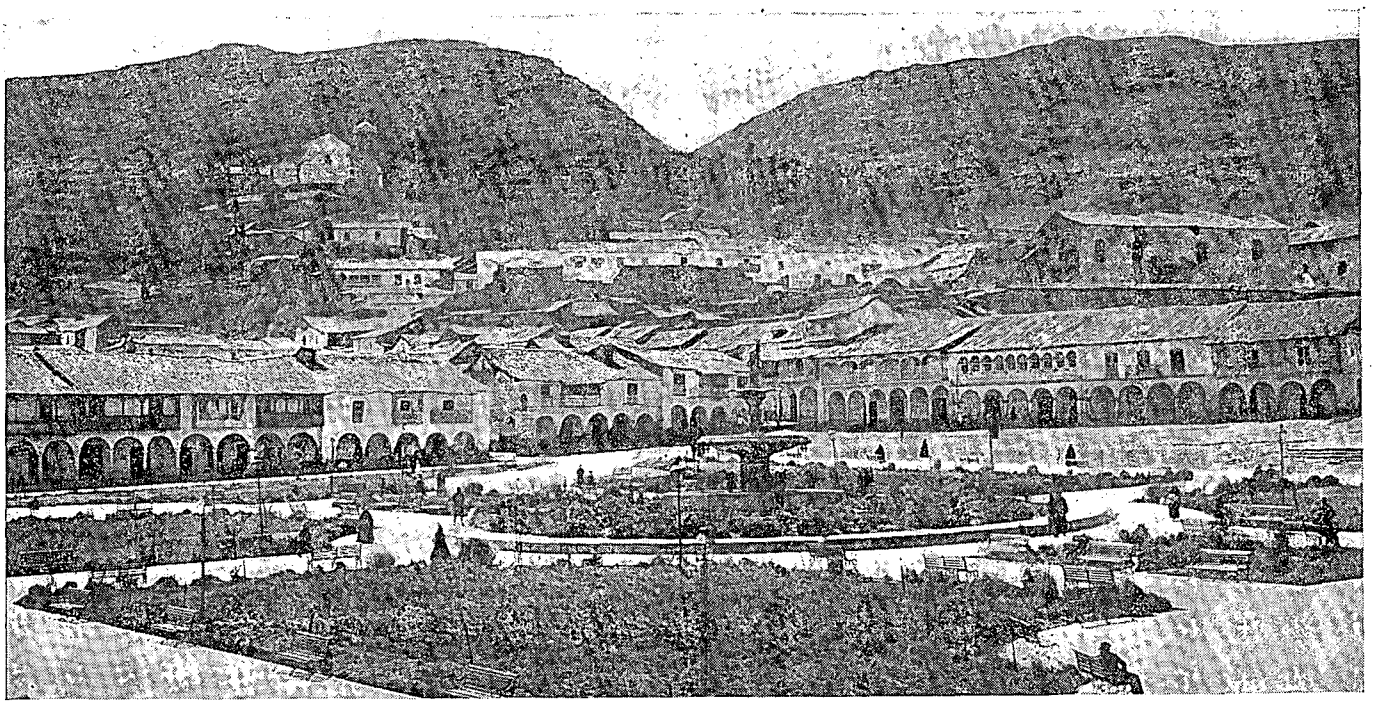

The plaza—civic center of Cuzco

districts Indian risings of a serious nature have occurred, to be followed by the usual military suppression. Recently the whites flocked for protection to the house of an English railway official who has earned the love of the Indians by his fair treatment.

Bolivians and Peruvians spoke to me with apprehension of their "Indian enemies." Three centuries of white dominance have done nothing for the Indian but degrade and oppress him. As I saw from the railway a number of Indian youths receiving military training and learning the use of firearms, I wondered against whom this weapon might be turned. Thinking liberals in Peru are now concerned about the Indian problem and are advocating a policy of justice, especially the assuring of sufficient land for native needs. The old communal land system is what the Indian understands and wants, and it was continued under the colonial regime. Modern Peruvian law does not recognize it, but beneath the modern system of individual ownership survives the tribal system. This leads to confusion and injustice. In order to exercise their rights, the natives have to assume individually rights which really belong to the group, the "ayllu." Controversies arise and tribal lands are unjustly alienated and absorbed, so that there is a growing shortage of land for the native cultivator. The general upheaval resulting from the European war finds its repercussions even in the Sierra, and the frequent sporadic risings appear to be systematizing and may lead to rural revolutionary movements. The provinces of Puno and Cuzco have leagues of natives with a committee for propaganda in Lima, and presage a great social movement.

Indian labor on the "hacienda," that is the farm or ranch, differs from the system of peonage in Argentine, where the peons live in a rough barrack on the estate: each provides his own horse and saddle (his only property besides his one change of clothes), is fed on a rationing system, receives a small money wage and is free to leave when he chooses.

In Peru and Bolivia the Indian has a small holding and his own mud hut—an advantage over the Argentine peon—and he can marry and raise a family, but in return he must work for the landlord without pay. The Indian is revolting and refusing to give this free labor, and so far no way has been devised for coercing him.

The Indian too is beginning to demand education, and there would seem to be here a useful field for North American missionary enterprise, especially if it would content itself with the civilizing work of general education and leave sectarian teaching alone; otherwise it is bound to encounter active hostility and opposition, and its work will suffer. A white-robed ecclesiastic of Cuzco met the inquiry as to his opinion of the American and English missions by paying a generous tribute to the excellence of their educational and medical work, but added that he wished they would avoid controversial religious propaganda which, as he said, aroused great hostility. The English mission in Cuzco which conducts a good school for white children under a trained university teacher, and an excellent nursing service, is the object of strong clerical opposition; nevertheless many of the leading families patronize it, and local liberals welcome its influence. A delegation of one hundred Indians visited the mission recently to beg that a school might be provided for their children. Unfortunately neither funds nor helpers are available for what would surely be useful work. American influence is strongly and beneficently felt in state education in Peru. President Leguia has appointed Americans to the more important educational posts; an American, Dr. Albert Giesecke, is

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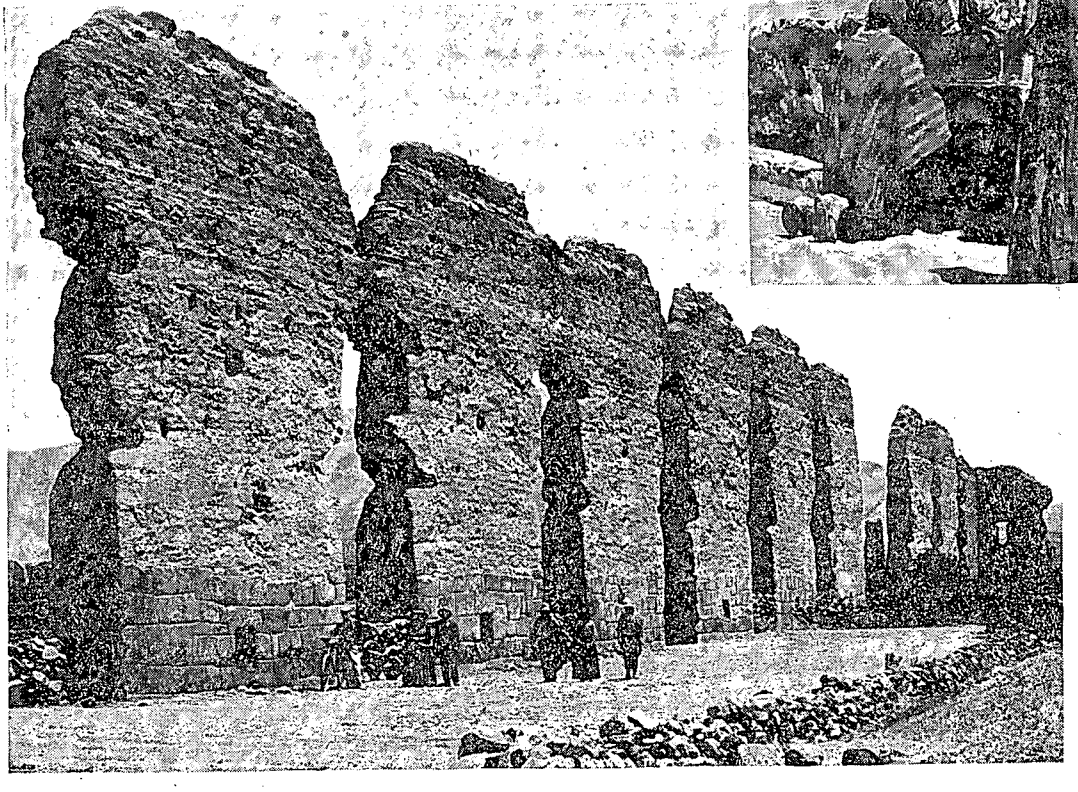
principal of Cuzco University; the head of the high school is also American. Unfortunately the president is hampered by lack of support in his government and by shortage of funds, and several important American educationists have had to abandon their work in Peru owing to non-payment of salaries. A prominent American mine-owner whom I met at Arequipa spoke strongly in favor of President Leguia's policy and urged that business men in Peru should call personally on the president as he had done to assure him of their support. Otherwise the newly born schemes for reform are threatened with an early death.

That Peruvians themselves are taking a new interest in the problem of the native is shown by the number of monographs that appear on the subject and the number of students at Cuzco University who study the various aspects of the problem, educational, legal, ethnographical. Some reformers advocate special protective legislation, while others consider that that would merely perpetuate an inferior status. All are agreed that the prime necessity is education, both general and technical, the introduction of improved methods of agriculture and, equally important, the assurance to the native of security of tenure, though here again there is a divergence of opinion as to whether individual ownership should be enforced or whether the traditional communal system should be recognized and safeguarded. The commissioners appointed by the government to report on measures necessary to protect the native, Dr. Humberto Luna and Erasmo Roca, have recommended a code of protective legislation.

Unfortunately Lima, the seat of government, is cut off from the "altoplano" and Cuzco by mountains over which neither road nor rail has yet been laid, and to Cuzco falls the task of studying the native problem all around it. The university is interesting itself actively in this problem with characteristic liberal spirit. Its monthly review generally contains some contribution to the modern aspects of the Indian question as well as archeological researches into pre-Columbian times.

Cuzco is full of relics of Inca and pre-Inca civilization, and any one who takes pride in its ancient glories must desire to raise the descendants from their present misery. Conversely, knowledge of the modern Indian quickens interest in his predecessors and their achievements. The streets of Cuzco are largely built on pre-Inca stone work and evidently follow the ancient city plan. The convent and church of the Dominicans stands on the remains of the once glorious Temple of the Sun, and the subsidiary shrines of the Moon, planets, thunder and lightning, and rainbow. The perfectly rounded apse of cut stones fitted with mathematical precision and without any kind of mortar or cement is a monument

A wayside shrine decorated for Holy Cross Day



An ancient temple wall at Cuzco

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of the building skill of the ancient American race which preceded that of the Incas by many hundreds of years and which has left remarkable buildings in and around Cuzco, especially at Sacsahuaman, Ollantaitambo, Pisac and Maccha Picchu. Their greatest monument is at Tihuanacu on Lake Titicaca. The great Temple of the Sun was covered by the Incas with great plaques of gold studded with jewels, and a large gold plate represented the Sun. Mummies of the Incas were placed seated around its walls on golden chairs. On the coming of the Spaniards they were secretly removed, but were seen by Garcilaso. In this temple the Incas were crowned.

The worship of the Sun appears to have been the special tribal worship of the conquering Inca tribes and to have been carried on side by side with the worship by other tribes of their special "huaca" or totem, animals, fish, stones and other objects from which they claimed descent. Curious survivals of this nature worship can still be seen in the animal masks worn at native dances.

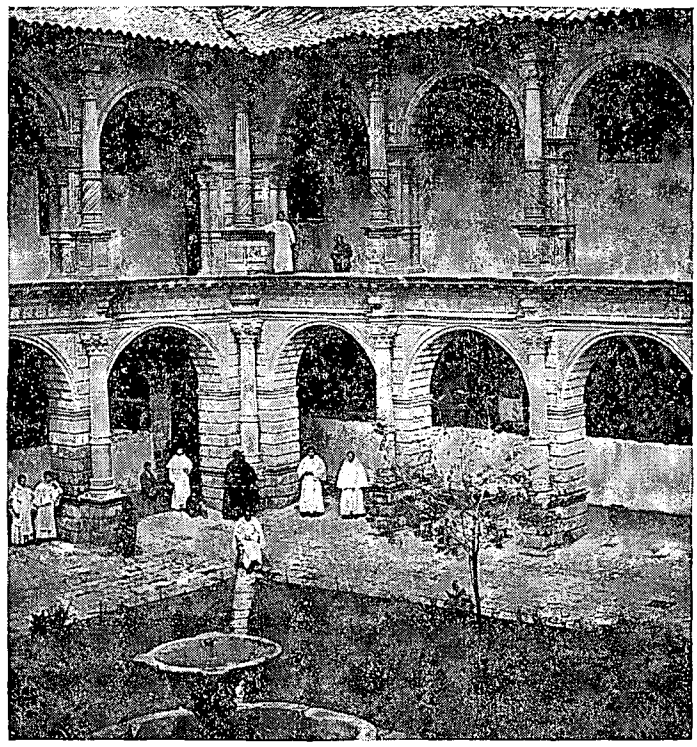
On the whole, religion under the later Incas seems to have had breadth and spirituality. Huayna Capac is said to have expressed doubts as to the divinity of the Sun, as it was obliged to follow a daily course! Religious hymns with considerable beauty of thought and expression have come down to us. The temple of the Virgins of the Sun, of which the massive walls remain, was inhabited by women selected from all over the country and employed in weaving the finest fabrics for royal use and in religious services.

The Cuzco streets built upon the ancient stonework preserve many of the old doorways, some of them pre-Inca and Inca with the horizontal stone slab always used by those races that were ignorant of the arch; some of them beautifully carved in Spanish colonial style. Unfortunately the destructive lust of the Conquistadores left none of the palaces or temples intact. As in Rome, later ages used the ancient buildings as quarries to furnish material for their own churches and residences. Cuzco, once the center of pagan worship, became a Christian bishopric and was filled with convents and churches.

One of the most beautiful seventeenth century buildings is the convent of San Merced. I paid many fruitless visits before I succeeded in getting a glimpse of its lovely cloister. The beautifully carved columns, the frescoed walls, the gay flowerbeds, and the white-robed monks make a scene of color and charm touched with the antique grace of Spain which surpassed anything I had seen elsewhere in South America.

The most interesting and important ruins lie on the hills above the town, and are the remains of the fortress of Sacsahuaman, one of the finest monuments of primitive man in either of the American continents. As I climbed the hills, the little town sparkled below in the sunshine, the beautiful Vilnacota river wound its way through the wide fertile valley, and the snowy peaks of the Sierra rose beyond the nearer hills. The fortress itself consists of three parallel walls, each over 300 yards long, built with re-entering angles, so that the attacking parties could be caught in the rear. The walls are constructed of immense blocks, some of them 17 feet by 12 by 7, all carefully cut and fitted. How they were quarried is a mystery. It has been suggested that holes were bored in the rock with stone hammers, wedges of wood inserted and water poured on which caused the wood to swell and split the rock.

On a slight eminence opposite these walls is a curved seat known as the throne of the Incas.



The monastery of San Merced, Cuzco, one of the finest remnants of Spanish Renaissance architecture

Various suppositions have been put forward to explain it. Possibly games or religious ceremonies were held in the field below and watched by the chiefs from above. The German archaeologist Uhle thinks that possibly it was used for a sun festival at which the mummies were brought out. Underground passages exist, but after an explorer had been lost in them the entrance was closed and they remain to be investigated. Tradition connects the fortress hill with the Inca revival and foundation of the second Inca Empire after the long period of decay which followed the end of the first period, the abandonment of Cuzco by its founders and their subsequent retirement to their city of refuge in Tampa Tocca.

Unfortunately the races of South America had no written language. History was handed down by oral tradition assisted by an elaborate system of knotted cords, "quipus," and also by pictures. Historical and archaeological research suggests that the same ancient race which had its frontier fortress at Sacsahuaman, had its center at Tihuanacu.

This most ancient race, whose earliest buildings at the ancient city of Tihuanacu are said to date back 10,000 years and whose monuments are among

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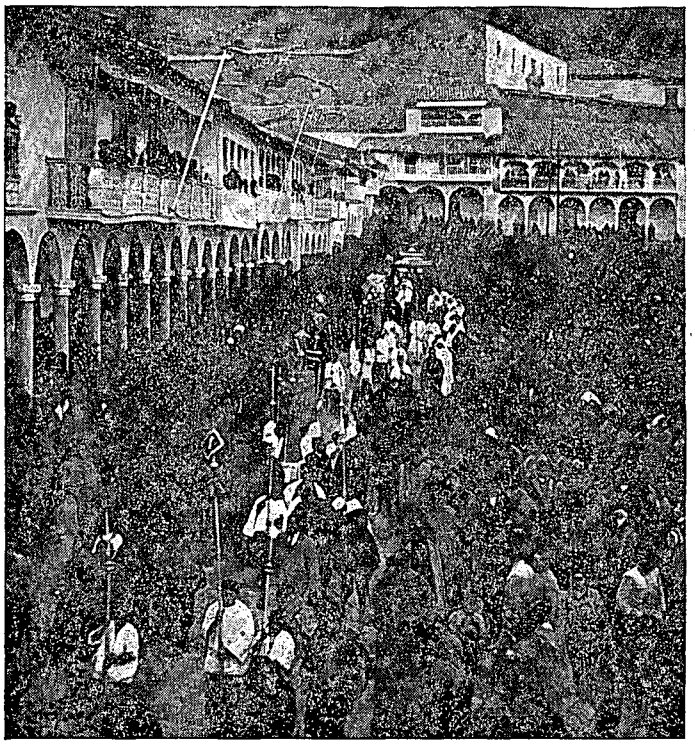
the most interesting in either of the American continents, has left its descendants in the Aymara Indians of Bolivia. These tribes, like the Quechua, can live and work at very high altitudes. A scientific expedition, headed by William Curtis Farrabee of Pennsylvania University, is investigating these races, and a further scientific expedition composed of five medical investigators is trying to discover what physiological changes have occurred to enable men to live and work at such altitudes.

The Aymara of Bolivia present a slightly more



The procession of "The Lord of the Earthquakes" at Cuzco—carrying the "Black Christ"

cheerful aspect than the Quechua of Peru, not that their nature is more cheerful, on the contrary it is most despondent and gloomy, but the brilliant petticoats and shawls of the women give a gay impression that makes the roads and markets like borders of gaudy flowers. The Cholos, or half castes, are handsome and well-to-do and seem to prosper exceedingly in and around La Paz.

A curious survival of the tribal totem, mixed with garbled and corrupted Christian observances, may be seen in the Indian celebrations of Christian festivals. Three miles from La Paz and several hundred feet lower lies the village of Obraje, a favorite excursion, partly owing to the pleasant winding road by the river side and partly because at an altitude of 12,500 feet walking is a strain and a fall of a few hundred feet relieves the pressure on the lungs. At Obraje then I found myself on Holy Cross Day. The road was filled with Indians and Cholos, all in their festival clothes, the Indian women wearing layer upon layer of different colored woolen skirts, the newest and brightest outside, striped "llijlla" round their shoulders, and round felt hats. The Cholo women wore short, full, silk skirts above white lace petticoats and two embroidered silk shawls in contrasting colors, one pinned close around the throat, the other hanging on the shoulders, high, cream-colored kid boots and hard, high straw hats. The Cholos of La Paz often amass considerable wealth, and while the men wear ordinary European dress, the women keep their own costume.

Music was soon heard coming from various points; upon the hillside was a throng of dancers, another down by the river. The plaza near the church seemed to draw the greatest crowd. A dozen men were playing reed instruments and drums, dancing slowly in procession as they played and surrounded by a mixed crowd of Indians and Cholos who from time to time seized each other by the hand and broke into a dance, whirling round and round until the variegated skirts of the women form a kaleidoscope of color. The musicians were garbed in tawdry imitation of the Spanish cavalier, but above the light satin coat and knee breeches they wore fantastic masks of animals and birds. Every now and then they would stop exhausted and drink glasses of pisco, the strong intoxicant universal among the Indians which alone seems to have power to rouse them from their habitual despondent apathy—a depression caused, it is said, by excessive use of coca, whose leaves have a marvellous sustaining power enabling the Indian to perform extraordinary feats of endurance without other nourishment, but whose narcotic properties ultimately dull his mind.

The festival with its dancing and drinking is carried on for several days and usually degenerates into unseemly orgies, in which many babies are accidentally killed as a mother falls to the ground with her baby on her back. One of the first steps in developing the Indian and raising him from his present inferior status would be to reduce or cut off his present excessive supply of alcohol, at the same time improving his food supply and raising his general standard of living. As the white or semi-white population in Bolivia amounts to only 10 per cent it would seem imperative to take all possible steps, by education and improved administration, to improve the great mass of Indian and half-caste population.

The general impression left on the mind of a traveller in Bolivia and Peru is one of countries of unusual beauty, historic interest and natural resources, with populations and governments which are unequal to the task of developing those resources. Both countries seek outside financial assistance, but if such assistance is granted by foreign governments or investors it would seem wise that it should be accompanied by some sort of supervision. Such supervision might be a means of training these less developed communities (Bolivia as well as Peru) in sound systems of finance. Now that the Panama Canal has facilitated communication with the west coast of South America it may be expected that increased trade and interchange of ideas may lead to greater moral and material progress, while it may be hoped that the racial characteristics of South American culture may be preserved.

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Fifty Years' War and No Truce

By FREDERIC ALMY

THE impatient reformer who cried out: "The trouble is that the Lord is not in a hurry, and I am," could learn at the forthcoming Fiftieth Anniversary of the National Conference of Social Work that the world is now moving fast. Lloyd George said lately: "There are times in history when the world spins so leisurely along its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill. There are also times when it moves along at a giddy pace, covering the track of centuries in a single year. These are the times we are living in now."

Speed, however, is dangerous when the way is at all uncertain, and wisdom is necessary to steer the ship of state. The National Conference is to some extent a pilot in its special field. Much that we now have would have seemed utopian to the founders of this conference fifty years ago. Our fathers labored to give us blessings which we now take for granted. "To be as good as our fathers, we must be better than our fathers."

The great gains which have been made in the Social War in the last half century are due to General Health and General Knowledge.

Is General Morality winning also?

A CHIEF cause of those gains against disease and ignorance is that individual warfare has been supplemented by something larger. Health, for instance, advanced mightily when in addition to individual doctors curing individual patients an attack was made on the causes of disease. Half a century ago health education was hardly known. The work for pure air, pure food and pure milk, and for tenement house reform, public playgrounds and baths, is all comparatively new. The campaigns against the Great White Plague, tuberculosis, and the Great Black Plague, venereal disease, have accomplished as much through educational work as through work with individuals.

The modern attempt of social workers to reach causes as well as individuals is indicated by the fact that of the ten standing divisions of the conference three of the most recent are those on Organization of Social Forces, Industrial and Economic Problems, and Neighborhood and Community Life.

We must never forget, however, in morality, health or education that the individual work is chief and basic. There is a good story of Charles Sumner who told Julia Ward Howe that, though he had practically given his life to the Negro race, he had not time to help a particular slave, that he had advanced beyond the individual. "I do congratulate you, Senator," said Mrs. Howe, "if you have advanced beyond the individual. Even our blessed Savior never advanced so far as that."

One example of the social attack on immorality is prohibition, but it will require a generation to see its full results. It is a curious fact that the Civil War checked prohibition, which in 1860 existed in thirteen states. It was then thought that the soldiers and sailors must have their grog. The World War, on the other hand, promoted prohibition. It was known that the soldiers and sailors must not have their grog. Ratification of prohibition came so swiftly that forty-six of our forty-eight states were carried in little more than a year.

Chastity is gaining also. A questionnaire sent lately to forty of our leading colleges brought almost unanimous answers that venereal disease was conspicuously less than a generation ago. The dean of Harvard University says that the students there today drink less, gamble less, go with women less, and break the law less than their fathers or their grandfathers. He says that he states this both from observation and statistics; and the judge of the Middlesex District Court, who ought to know, says it as emphatically. The presidents of Vassar and of Wellesley also say that in their opinion their girls today are better than the generation before them. They know and say things that their mothers only thought and whispered, but are as pure.

Gambling is less, or certainly less public. It is hard to believe that the American Congress of 1776 instituted a national lottery, and that some of the buildings at Harvard were built by the proceeds of a state lottery. There is plenty of gambling yet, but today gambling, like John Barleycorn, is an outlaw, proscribed though far from defunct.

Public morality is more. It cannot be doubted. A little over half a century ago Boss Tweed was at the height of his power, and historians tell us that public morality was never so low. It is still bad enough, but much that was formerly allowed is no longer tolerated.

Ignorance, disease and crime are all retreating, and so is poverty. To put it epigrammatically, disease is dying, crime is being arrested, ignorance can more and more be ignored, and poverty is being starved out for lack of the matter on which it feeds. Ingersoll, when asked what he would do if he were Almighty, said he would make good health catching instead of disease. With the electric press on the one hand, and bacteriology on the other, the contagion of ideas is now more rapid than the contagion of disease. It is about time for the devil to become discouraged.

Social workers who choose worthy adversaries must, however, also sometimes become discouraged. To win more courage, both volunteers and regulars in the Social Army should attend the great Washington rally. As Virgil said of a winning crew: "They can because they think they can."

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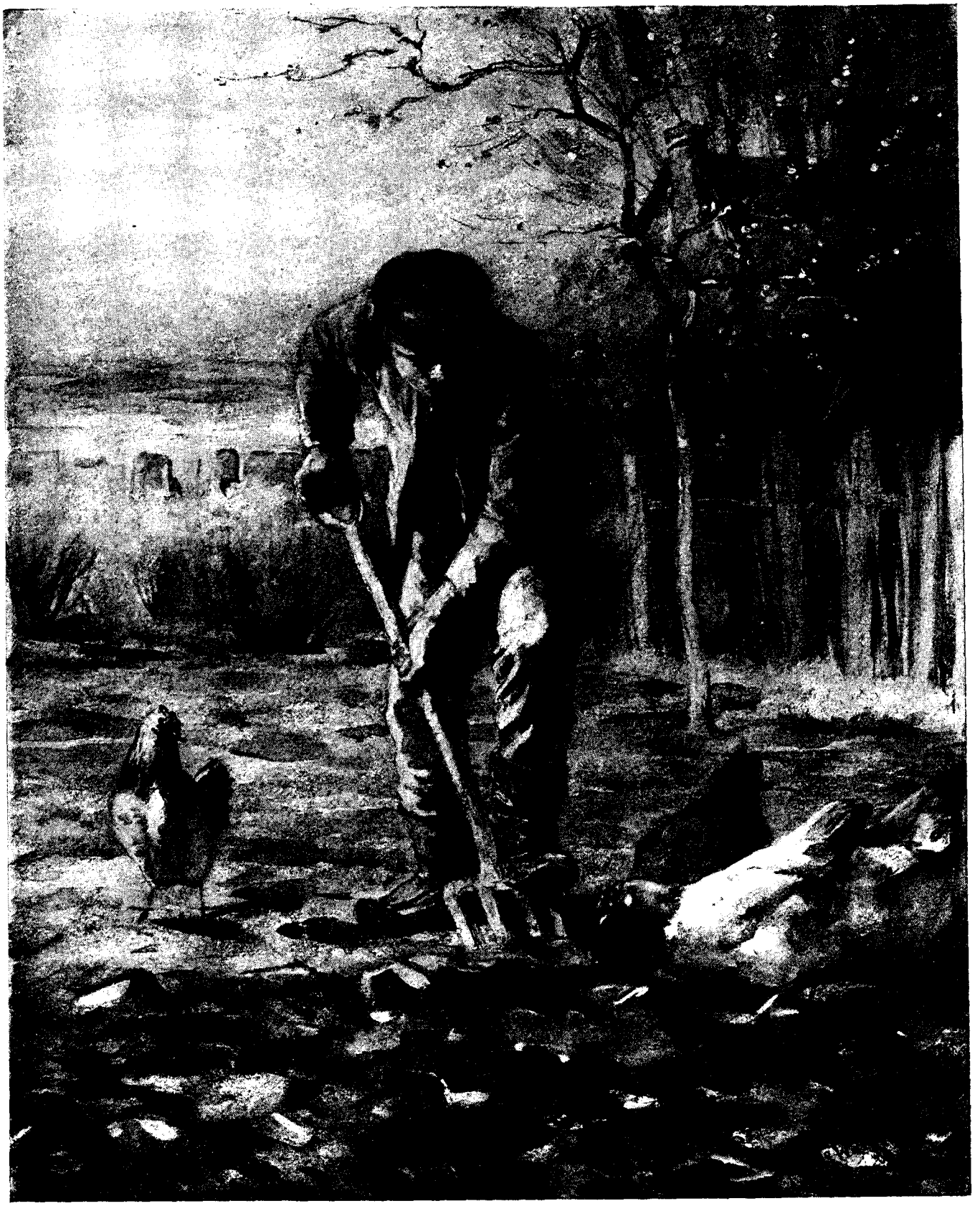
THE CALL OF THE SOIL

Paintings by Horatio Walker



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By ROBERT

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Discourage litigation . . . Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can . . . Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser — in fees, expenses, and waste of time. **Abraham Lincoln**

Justice through Conciliation

By REGINALD HEBER SMITH

OF all the great sayings of Abraham Lincoln the one quoted at the top of this article is perhaps the least known. Certainly the American people who are wont to regard the words of their martyr-president as those of an inspired seer and prophet have been slow to grasp the profound wisdom of this advice. At about the time when Lincoln made this observation on the shortcomings of justice secured through litigation, they might have taken definite action; the opportunity existed, for during the reform wave of 1846-1851 the constitutions of New York, Wisconsin, California, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana had, in the order named, been amended so as to legalize the plan of doing justice through the method of conciliation. Yet it is the historical fact that, either because of the distraction caused by the Civil War or for other reasons, which are considered later, nothing definite resulted from this idea. No lasting impression was made upon the form or structure of our judicial institutions. The common law method of procedure and trial swept on, entrenching and extending itself everywhere, indifferent to all other methods, brooking no competition.

It remained for the people of North Dakota, by Chapter 38 of the Session Laws of 1921, to attempt to put Lincoln's recommendation into effect. They created in every county a conciliation board or tribunal which should by authority of the sovereign state endeavor to discourage litigation by persuading neighbors to compose their quarrels through honorable compromise or adjustment. As was to be expected, the law was promptly attacked as contrary to fundamental rights embodied in the state constitution and guaranteed by the United States constitution. In December 1922, the Supreme Court of North Dakota, in a unanimous decision which may well prove to be a landmark in our jurisprudence, declared the act to be valid, "the purpose of the act being praiseworthy, seeking to maintain amicability between those who otherwise might be compelled to resort to expensive litigation."

It should be pointed out at once that this process of conciliation has nothing to do with industrial warfare, with strikes, or with struggles between capital and labor. The public is familiar with efforts to employ conciliation in this field. What Lincoln and the people of North Dakota had in mind were disputes between Brown and Jones as to grocery bills, rent, loans, or notes, the cases to which average citizens become parties in the ordinary course of their lives.

WHAT is this conciliation proceeding, what is its purpose, how does it work, is it just another utopian theory or can it offer any tangible record of success anywhere?

Conciliation can be defined in its general outline but not in detail because there are no details, no rigid rules, no procedural formulae. It is an informal proceeding by which two disputants are enabled to discuss the issue between them in private before a trained and impartial third person having the dignity of official position, representing the state, who explains to them the rules of law applicable, informs them of the uncertainties and expense of litigation, tries to arouse their friendly feelings and suppress their fighting instinct and, if an adjustment agreeable to the parties is reached, draws up a proper agreement, has it executed, and certifies it so that it may be entered in court as a judgment. There are no rules of evidence; the parties tell their own stories in their own words. There are no lawyers; the plaintiff and defendant appear in person.

The purpose of conciliation is frankly to avoid litigation. It tries to render litigation unnecessary by invoking a process which is the exact opposite of a jury trial. In order that conciliation may have a chance to make its persuasive appeal, the law stipulates that no person may commence an action in any court unless he files a certificate from the conciliation tribunal that an attempt has been made to effect a settlement and that the attempt has failed.

Except for this reasonable requirement, conciliation is from first to last a purely voluntary affair. That is at once the source of its moral power and the limitation to its legal power. What if the defendant refuses to come before the conciliator? Then conciliation fails. Or what if the plaintiff comes with the attitude, "I am here because I am obliged to go through this form, but my heart and mind are closed. I don't care what is said or done, I'll have the law on this defendant yet"? Then again conciliation fails. Likewise, if the conciliator is unable to suggest a solution which commends itself to the parties, then conciliation fails. Finally, if the conciliator after hearing the facts is convinced that the defendant has cheated the plaintiff but finds that the defendant is

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obdurate, what can he do? Nothing. He cannot make a finding or enter a judgment. He cannot even advise the court. His lips are sealed; the conciliation tribunal is like a confessional in that what is said there goes no further.

Such a proceeding the cynic may call utopian. Faith in conciliation requires faith in human nature. Conciliation, like democracy, can succeed only among people who are fitted for it.

If the case for conciliation rested on a philosophical or theological discussion as to the inherent uprightness of men and women it would not be of interest to a practical world, nor would it stand as a concrete solution for certain problems pertaining to the administration of justice. But as to conciliation we have a history, both ancient and modern, proving that under proper conditions it is eminently successful. We have a record, which should be of peculiar interest to the social worker, attesting the fact that most persons, if properly approached, are responsive to advice, sincerely given, that appeals to their reason or their conscience. [The best collection of material is contained in Conciliation and Informal Procedure, Bulletin XV of the American Judicature Society, 31 West Lake Street, Chicago, published December 1920. Reference may also be had to Chapter IX of Justice and the Poor, Bulletin XIII of the Carnegie Foundation, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, published October 1919. Copies of either bulletin may be obtained on request.]

NORWAY and Denmark instituted conciliation tribunals in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Every city and every village that can boast of twenty families is a conciliation district. The procedure is that already described. If Peter has a claim against Knut he cannot sue and attach Knut's property. He must notify the conciliation counsellors (*Forligs Kommission*) who summon Knut and hear the dispute in private at any convenient time and place. No judgment can be rendered unless Peter and Knut agree to it. Both are free to reject any settlement and to resort to law. The Scandinavians have earned the reputation of being a vigorous, upstanding, virile people, but it is nevertheless the fact that conciliation has been successful in 75 per cent of all the cases. In one year for which Norwegian statistics are known, 103,969 civil actions were commenced; in 81,015 disputes conciliation was successful; in 2,300 instances the plaintiff was convinced that he had no case so that he dropped it; in 7,886 matters in which conciliation itself failed the parties agreed to submit the issue to the "arbitration" of the conciliation tribunal.

Those of us who have read translations of Hamsun's and Bojer's stories of Norwegian life have probably been puzzled by an occasional reference to the conciliator. The text supplied no explanation. To the Norwegian this office is just as integral a part of the judicial institutions of his country, just as well known, as is our Supreme Court to us. He is accustomed to it. It is his tradition that conciliation, attempted in good faith, is the wise and proper thing. It commands his respect. It appeals to his common sense. Therefore it is successful. Much has happened to Norway and Denmark since the eighteenth century when conciliation was introduced by the royal edict of absolute monarchs. Their governments have been changed and their laws recast, but conciliation remains the cornerstone of the judicial system.

It is natural that North Dakota, having among its citizens thousands of persons of Scandinavian origin, should be willing to try conciliation, and it would be natural for the experiment to succeed. A similar situation exists in Minnesota where conciliation has been made an important feature of the recently established small claims courts. But what will be the story elsewhere? Is there any guarantee that the provision for conciliation by the New York Municipal Court will be largely availed of, or that conciliation would be a real aid to justice if provided generally throughout the United States?

The final answer will depend on the American temperament. The greatest danger is a misunderstanding, or fear of that to which we are not accustomed. The American nation is a compound of many races having various customs, cultures, in-

Friendly Enemies

A Typical Instance

PRACTICAL conciliation work is well illustrated by the following case from the procedure in one of the new small claims courts: On August 10, when the small claims judge in San Francisco called the case of Hatch v. Davis, an old workman walked up to the judge's bench and, pointing at Davis, said:

I have a claim against this gentleman for two days' work in his garage which comes to $8.50, and I think he ought to pay it, but if the law is against me I must submit to it.

Questioned by the judge, Davis admitted the work but said Hatch had been considering putting a couple of hundred dollars into the garage and had not done it. A few further inquiries made the situation perfectly clear, and the judge explained that the investment proposition was one thing which Hatch could accept or reject as he saw fit, but that his doing two days' work for Davis as a mechanic was a distinct contract in the eyes of the law and that Hatch should be paid. Davis said he could not pay until the first of the month, whereupon the judge said that Davis could have until then to pay.

Here a misunderstanding of law was cleared up by a judge in whom both parties had confidence. They lost less than two hours from work, and they had incurred no expense for court costs or attorneys' fees. The whole tone of the proceedings was to abate rather than increase any latent enmity between the men. Although the decision was against Davis he was accommodated as to payment, and that struck him as fair play.

Mr. Rosenshine, the author of the California Small Claims Court Act, after watching this little matter, said, "That is just the type of case we passed this bill for."

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The office of the clerk of the conciliation court in Cleveland

stincts and traditions. But the American administration of justice, to which we are accustomed and which we rightly regard as one of the bulwarks of our democracy, is unequivocally Anglo-Saxon both as to its origin and as to the influences that have shaped its development. Walter Weyl, in his essay on The Clash of Races says:

> Even after immigration poured in on us, the English stock was strong enough to impress upon the immigrating races its language, laws, and customs.

The spirit of Anglo-Saxon legal institutions is not conciliation but competition. The conception is one of conflict. The belief is that truth can best be discovered in the clash of contending parties. It started with the ordeal by battle. As reason began to supplant force, those persons who could testify to the facts of a case were brought together by the King's Justice and were called a jury. Out of this gradually evolved our present-day jury which hears the testimony and decides the disputed questions of fact.

To get the issues into definite shape, rules of pleading and procedure for the trial were developed. Lest the jury be unduly influenced by prejudicial evidence or hearsay testimony, rules of evidence were elaborated. To conduct a trial in accordance with these technicalities and rules, lawyers became essential. Having in mind the star chamber proceedings, our forefathers ordained that trials in court should be open public proceedings.

Thus it comes about that the salient features of conciliation are the antithesis of the characteristic features of the Anglo-Saxon jury trial system: privacy as against publicity, no procedure as against an elaborate procedure, no rules of evidence as against multitudinous rules concerning evidence, no jury as against the law guaranteeing a trial by a jury of one's peers, the necessity for the absence of lawyers as against the necessity for the presence of lawyers.

As the Supreme Court of North Dakota says in Klein v. Hutton:

> A conciliation board is not a court: it is a tribunal, a board, a table of peace where those who have certain kinds of controversies are invited to sit; this tribunal possesses none of the attributes of a court.

And again:

> Every law suit is a miniature war, in which the respective combatants are bringing into action all their ingenuity, energy and resourcefulness, and like war, when the battle is ended there still remains in the breasts of the participants a certain amount of resentment against their late adversaries.

The danger of misunderstanding lies in the fact that because the two systems are opposite the American people may infer that a choice must be made between them. If this were the case we should unhesitatingly choose the common law system, which has power, which is the only procedure for certain types of cases and persons, and which has proved itself by and large to be the best system of doing justice ever devised by man. But this is not the case. The two plans are not alternatives, each precluding the other; they are complementary, each aiding the other.

THE conciliation proceeding is utilized before *and only before* resort is had to the courts. In so far as it fails, the work of the courts remains, the function of the courts is not altered, nor is their service impaired. In so far as conciliation succeeds, the courts are relieved, dockets become less congested, the judges are not driven and overworked as they are now, the expense of maintaining courts and the taxpayers' burden are lightened.

Conciliation possesses one further attribute which is of tremendous social import. Its whole tendency is to promote peace between the parties, whereas a court trial tends to provoke enmity. Conciliation must lessen the bitterness and remove the prejudices of the parties or always fail; the keynote of the jury trial is that each subjects the other to a sharp cross-examination through the relentless questioning of a skilled examiner chosen for the purpose. The conciliator may suggest any kind, manner or form of compromise, adjustment or solution that is honorable; a jury has presented to it a definite issue that must be decided for one party and against the other.

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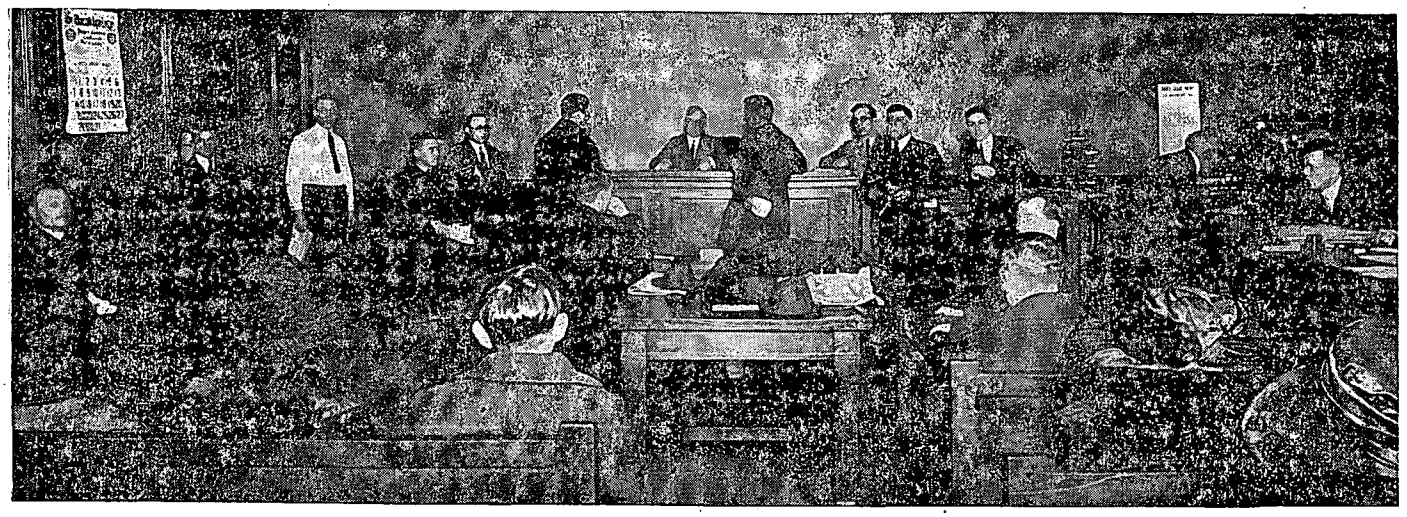

Cleveland's conciliation court in session, Judge Greene on the bench

In the complex, interdependent life lived by our heterogeneous population today, animosity between one man and his fellow is more easily kindled and more quickly fanned into flame than was the case in earlier, simpler times. The deep-rooted enmity between litigants which is a by-product of our contentious procedure runs very quickly into class, racial, or religious prejudices and hatreds. A concrete illustration of this by-product can be seen in the practical world of business. If two merchants have a dispute as to the sale of goods neither will, except as a last desperate resort, invoke the aid of the courts, for to bring suit means to lose a customer and incur the retaliation that a revengeful person in the same trade can so easily effect. In the period of falling prices in 1920 and 1921, American business men permitted customers to cancel, that is, to break their contracts, by wholesale, and rarely instituted litigation. As Dean Pound puts it:

> There is a deep-seated desire to keep out of court, right or wrong, on the part of every sensible business man in the community.

It is for this reason that the United States Chamber of Commerce is championing the arbitration of trade disputes out of court.

There are several indications that conciliation will prove applicable to the American temperament and adaptable to American conditions of life. While from the very nature of things common law courts cannot themselves easily experiment with conciliation, yet those newer agencies of justice which we have recently grafted onto the trunk of our legal institutions are utilizing the process of conciliation and are doing so with remarkable success. In our domestic relations courts conciliation is used with a view to reconciliation. Social workers are familiar with it in that connection. They know that it often succeeds, and that whenever it does succeed it effects a solution far better than any legal remedy within the power of the law.

Less generally known but perhaps even more striking is the use of conciliation by industrial accident commissions. When the workmen's compensation acts were passed, conciliation was virtually unknown in this country, so that the legislators, although they were designing as liberal a procedure as they could invent, made no mention of the conciliation procedure. Nevertheless, the industrial accident commissions experimented with it by inaugurating what they called "informal conferences" prior to any formal hearing. Let the story of its success be told by Chester E. Gleason, of the Massachusetts Industrial Accident Commission, who in an address before the International Association of Industrial Accident Commissions in June 1921 said:

> No other proceeding is provided for by the statute, but, entirely apart from the statute, the board has adopted an intermediate step, a conference which, as its name indicates, is an informal discussion to which the parties are summoned and where, in company with a member of the board, the points of difference are discussed and a settlement of the disputed points reached if possible. A very large percentage of the disputed cases are disposed of in this manner without a formal hearing being necessary. In cases where no final disposition is arrived at, the conference brings out the points of difference, with the result that when the case goes to hearing very little time has to be expended on matters of proof outside the real point in dispute.
>
> In all these conferences the insurance company has a representative; the employe may have a representative if he desires, but if he does not it is not necessary. We lay the cards on the table at those conferences, and I think fully 75 per cent of those conferences are closed without a hearing of the cases, and this saves a good many hundred hearings in the course of a year.
>
> These conferences, being informal discussions of the facts and law, do not require the attendance of witnesses. The saving in time, counsel and witness fees to the parties, if the case is disposed of, is obvious. The narrowing of the issue brings a similar saving, although to a lesser degree, in the event of a hearing. The saving of time to the board has made it possible to dispose of an amount of work which would have been utterly impossible if the statutory procedure were followed in every case.

Finally, the method of conciliation is being successfully used by the small courts which have, since

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The Behrens

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

WHEN I was a little faculty child, living in a middle-western university town, we were all thrilled by the news that the energetic chancellor of the university had secured as head of the Department of Chemistry a noted European scientist. Although still young, he had made a name for himself by some important discoveries in organic chemistry. We talked about those discoveries as fluently and understood them as thoroughly as we all now discuss and understand the theories of Professor Einstein.

Professor Behrens was not only a remarkable chemist, so we heard, but a remarkable teacher and a man of wide sympathies and democratic ideals. It was the candid period in American life when (especially in the West) the word "Europe" was pronounced with a very special intonation, of which Henry James' wistful admiration was the quintessence. It was the time in American university life when Germany was the goal toward which all our younger scholars ran their fastest race. Yet here was Professor Behrens, leaving a university from which our younger professors were proud to have a Ph.D. and deliberately choosing our new, raw, young institution for the sake of the free, untrammeled, democratic life in America. It went to our heads!

Passages in his letter of acceptance were read to my mother by my father who had borrowed the letter from the chancellor.

> I have a family of children, and as they grow older, I am more and more aware of the stifling, airless, moral stagnation of European life. I want them to know something bigger, freer and more open than will come to them in this Old World of rigid caste lines and fixed ideas. My wife and I, too, wish to escape from the narrowness of this provincial town where an arrogant young lieutenant, swaggering about in his gaudy, white broadcloth uniform, is much higher in social rank than the most learned and renowned member of the university faculty; where a rich lumber merchant, brutal and ignorant, can buy his way into political position and parade about with sash and gold chain and the insignia of the mayor's office.

We were all righteously indignant about such elements of life in Europe, and quite exalted in our certainty that the distinguished immigrant would find nothing like that in our midst. The sole and only representative of the military caste in our town was the lieutenant who drilled the university battalion, and he was a most unassuming young American, who never on any occasion wore white broadcloth, put on his plain dark blue uniform as seldom as possible, and for the most part wore a pepper-and-salt business suit and a derby hat. Since there were no trees on the western plains, there was no equivalent to the iniquitous lumber merchant, the nearest approach being a man who had made a good deal of money out of lucky guesses in real estate. But he would have dropped dead before putting on a sash or a gold chain.

So we awaited the Behrens full of pride and pleasure. When they arrived, everybody in the faculty gave receptions and lunch parties for them, and all we children rejoiced in unlimited leavings of fried chicken (it was in September), ice-cream and cake, which were at our disposition after these "functions," as the faculty ladies called them.

The Behrens were as nice as we expected to find them (although surprisingly unceremonious in table-manners) and they were evidently delighted with the warm-hearted, open-handed good-nature of Americans, with the cordiality of their reception (which seemed quite to amaze them), with the wide-open doors which led anywhere they might wish to go, with the absence of class distinction, and with the generosity with which Americans supported universities, hospitals and public schools. When the university opened, Professor Behrens threw himself into his teaching and soon became one of the favorite professors. He had a song sung about him at the winter concert of the Glee Club, and the Junior Year-book was dedicated to him in the spring.

By that time the Behrens children, who were in the eighth, fifth and third grades of my public school, were no longer to be distinguished from the rest of us, running and yelling on the hard-beaten earth of the playground, and thoroughly acquainted with duck-on-a-rock, prisoner's-base and run-sheep-run. Julie and I were classmates in the fifth grade that year, and the next and the next. But just as we were about to pass together into the exalted rank of the eighth grade, Professor Behrens received a call to be rector (Julie explained to me that this had nothing to do with a church but was the same as our chancellor) of a university in his own country.

It seemed such an advancement to be promoted from professor to chancellor that it was no surprise to have him accept, and to see Mrs. Behrens begin hastily to pack up the family belongings. But what did surprise us was the sudden revelation of a great homesickness on the part of the Behrens to get back to a "civilized country." This was one of the phrases Julie overheard her father saying to her mother, which she repeated to me, and I to my parents. A faculty circle gets its news by about the same channels as an army post or a village sewing-circle. So by the time this significant remark had reached my parents it did not surprise them. The Behrens, although still heartily grateful for all the kindness that had been shown them, although still feeling a lively affection for the good-hearted qual-

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ities in American life, could not conceal their immense relief at the prospect of a change. Professor Behrens discussed the question with the open frankness of a scientist before a new phenomenon:

I had no idea, till I had to go without them, how vital to civilization are the finer shades, the polish, the stability, the decorum which come only with long life of a society in an old country. I had never thought of them, had always supposed, of course, they were to be found everywhere.

It is not that I blame America for not having them . . . nothing but time can give them. But life has another color altogether with them . . . the same difference of color there is between living in a cave, ever so fine and airy and open a cave, and a well ordered house, with the appurtenances of civilization. There is a certain something which springs up from such niceties of life. . . . I can hardly wait to get home and give a real dinner with well trained servants and cultivated, sophisticated guests who have had a social position for so long that it is a part of them. The crudeness, the abruptness, the roughness in human intercourse here . . . and the total lack on the part of people in the lower classes of any sense of the fitness of things! The *conductor* on the street-car the other day slapped me on the back . . . me!

So we gave them a grand good-by reception in the gymnasium, and we faculty children fairly swam in lemonade and wallowed in left-over cake; and the faculty gave Professor Behrens a beautifully bound edition of Emerson, and Mrs. Behrens a little pearl pendant, and then they went away, and we supposed we should never see them again.

Julie and I corresponded once in a while as children do, the letters growing less frequent as Julie evidently began to forget her English. Mrs. Behrens wrote back a round-robin letter or two to be passed about among her faculty friends, one of them describing the splendid ceremonious Old-World way in which Professor Behrens was inducted into his new position.

She spoke with special pride of the way in which both the military and municipal authorities of the town had turned out to do him honor, the soldiers, officers and the mayor of the town marching at the head of the procession, the latter in his bright sash and gold chain of office. It seemed to us we had heard something about the mayor before, but we could not remember what it was. And then Julie forgot her English altogether, and Mrs. Behrens' letters dwindled, and there were none.

I got on through the eighth grade and went into the university prep-school. After three years there, my father was called to a better position in another state university. As we were settling ourselves in the new home, what should we hear but that a distinguished European scientist was about to be added to the faculty, none other than Professor Behrens. Foreigners, even distinguished ones, were more common then than they had been seven years before; there was a large German Department with many native Germans, and the university was further east and so not so open-heartedly welcoming. There was no such stir when the family arrived from Europe, although everyone was very nice to them, and the president's wife had Mrs. Behrens stand by her in the receiving line at the first of the faculty receptions. But the Behrens did not seem to notice that there was anything lacking in their treatment. You never saw people more delighted than they were to be back in America. "It was worse than I remembered," Professor Behrens told my father.

After an experience of the free, breezy, self-respecting life in America, it was simply unendurable . . . suffocating, simply stifling with the most ridiculous caste spirit. And rusted to a stand-still with cock-sure conservatism! An instant, hermetic closing up of every pore at any mention of new possibilities for human nature, or for human organizations! Such absurd, stiff, artificial rules of conduct and precedence in society! Let me tell you an episode which will seem almost incredible to you but which really decided us to come back here. At a garden party, my wife . . . *my* wife! . . . . seeing there the wife of the general commanding the troops in the town garrison and knowing her quite well, stepped across the lawn to speak to her, one lady to another. Will you believe it, because my wife had not waited till the general's wife had summoned her to enter her circle, my poor wife received a cold, unrecognizing stare, her outstretched hand was left hanging in air, and the general's wife turned her back on her. And when I was furious and protested, I was made uncomfortable, seriously uncomfortable . . . *me*!

And Mrs. Behrens told my mother that she had been horrified by the cold-hearted envy, hatred and meanness which lay underneath the polished manner of many of the people in their circle.

They do not wish you well. They wish you ill. They simply have no conception of the meaning of that American word, "friendly."

Julie was ready for the university, as was I, and we entered the Freshman class together. She was a very pretty girl, one of the brown-haired Teutons who are so much finer and more neatly finished than the blond ones, and she had more than her fair share of popularity. We were taken into the same fraternity, studied together and were much in each other's homes. I soon saw that the Behrens home was not altogether a light-hearted one.

After the first flush of pleasure at being back had passed, a cloud of depression settled over them. Their sojourn in a more finished and stable, low-toned and nuanced civilization had put them all out of key for the loud-mouthed, cheerful American tune. They found it shrill and noisy, and often stopped their ears against it. Heavens! They had not remembered that American tradespeople were so utterly mannerless! Nor that all Americans were so blackly ignorant of any information about the arts! They had no interest in organized athletics and very soon developed an active hostility for football, because of the indisputable fact that the university world was so occupied with it that nothing serious was done in classes till after Thanksgiving when the last game was played. The Behrens were musical, and nobody in the city cared for music, except the German-Americans in their shabby quarter at the other end of town, and they were fat grocers, saloon-keepers or foremen of factories, people with whom the Behrens could not dream of associating. They were really very miserable and disillusioned.

When we were seniors there came a wonderful

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The Struggle for Prohibition

By A FORMER FEDERAL OFFICER

IV. "Without Fear or Favor"

ANDREW W. MARSH, the new district attorney, and Purdy, the assistant, were lunching together in a murky old eating place, manifestly drooping with the advance of years and of prohibition.

The district attorney had an exaggerated squareness of jaw, pince-nez glasses and a wisp of hair on his forehead; the assistant had lean cheeks and a fixed stare emphasized by his rimmed spectacles. He was talking insistently with an occasional nervous flutter of his hands on the table.

"We have the goods on them without question," he was saying; "and if we go on with the hearing tomorrow with the present defendants, our case is not complete. We must include Jake Slocum, deputy state director, and Emmet Pelky, the chief clerk. According to the statements of the girls in the office, those two approved and issued all permits. Slocum signed the director's name over his own initials."

The district attorney's eyes flickered uncertainly; he was manifestly troubled. Arresting the chief subordinates in a prohibition office was no light matter. State directors are no ordinary government officials. They are political figures of state prominence, and their first deputies belong to them, together sometimes with the deputy's acts of omission and commission. The arrest of a deputy might jostle the political constellations into disorder, and Marsh owed his appointment to the state boss—the "big fellow"—just as did Joseph C. Galbraith, the new state director.

"You see the case has developed in this way," went on the assistant. "It started, so far as our office is concerned, with the raid on Mayer's restaurant, that was engineered by Jason Poole of the Customs' Service. Some two hundred cases of Filson whiskey were seized that had apparently been released from the warehouse on a Jones Drug Company permit, which the drug company asserted it knew nothing about and had no right to in any event, for its basic permit did not permit the use of whiskey in its business—the company manufactured some sort of tonic. I tried for weeks to find out from the prohibition office whether it had issued a permit; there was a possibility of its being a forgery, you know, but I was put off with one excuse after another until finally I got the information unexpectedly from France and Clarke of the Special Intelligence Unit.

"It seems that some time about a week after Galbraith became state director, the unit was advised that four extraordinarily large permits for the withdrawal of whiskey had been issued by the Prohibition Office. It is the duty of the Special Intelligence to investigate cases of corruption in the Prohibition Bureau, so France and Clarke called at the director's office. Both Galbraith and Slocum were out, but the permits were visible, seventy-five hundred gallons of whiskey each, one in the name of the Jones Drug Company, a second in the name of the Walls Manufacturing Company and the remaining two in the names of chemical companies. They looked suspicious, so France telephoned the director—long distance to Washington—and suggested that the amounts were unusually large; but he was assured that everything was all right. He accepted the statement, of course, but had the forethought to make copies of the permits and the applications for them, which proved a wise precaution."

The assistant paused and lit a cigarette. "It's a fascinating case," he remarked, "so infernally complex and yet in places it fits together as neatly as if the parts were made for each other.

"Anyway, those permits were all honored by the distillery. I learned this from Hitchens of the Internal Revenue who had been detailed to special work under the prohibition commissioner, and had been sent from Washington to look into the truth of reports concerning the withdrawal of an amazing amount of whiskey. He examined the distiller's records, secured the names of the teamsters and railroads that had hauled the liquor, and the serial numbers of the cases taken by each carrier. One of the teamsters was John Riordan. I already knew of him, for Poole, working independently, had secured a statement in which Riordan admitted hauling extensively for Ike Belber, who provided the necessary carriers' permits. On one of his trips he deposited two hundred and fifty cases at Mayer's restaurant. His story is really the basis of our case against Belber and Mayer and the several saloon keepers already arrested. When we compared the serial numbers of the cases seized in the restaurant raid with the numbers shown by the distillers' records as delivered to Riordan, they tallied to a nicety.

"Now my point is this. We have charged Belber and the rest of them with a conspiracy to defraud by securing the release of whiskey from the warehouse on permits fraudulently obtained. Our evidence will indicate that the permits were fraudulently issued; and the statement of the girls in the office will place the responsibility for their issuance on Pelky and Slocum; the first approved the applications, the second signed the permits with the director's name and his own initials. And we shouldn't be placed in the position of covering up on the officials."

The district attorney hesitated. "I don't see why we should go ahead until the commissioner of prohibition asks us to," he objected. "They are his men, and the dirty work was done in his department, not in ours."

"That doesn't help matters much," answered Purdy. "If the newspapermen ask any questions, we can't say we're waiting on the commissioner of prohibition. It isn't his job to prosecute—it's ours. Anyway he's at Washington and we're on the ground; and what's more, Slocum and Pelky were fired a week ago. Hitchens and Clarke tried to get at the records, Hitchens had special authority for that purpose, but Slocum kept them kicking their heels outside for three days, when Hitchens wired Washington and the commissioner came back with real kick. And out went Slocum and Pelky. The director wasn't dismissed, but his power was taken from him and Sam Williams is acting director—he's an old-time revenue man detailed to prohibition and straight as a string."

There was a pause, then Marsh announced: "I want it understood I'm going to prosecute without fear or favor; nobody will hold my hand. But the commissioner should ask me to go ahead; I'm not going to bear all the responsibility."

Purdy grew more intense. "Don't be foolish about this

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thing. You owe something to yourself. Who gets damned for a failure to prosecute? You do. Right or wrong, the newspapers will say you are afraid. The reporters are hinting at it already, and the bootleggers are laying odds that nobody is going to get hurt."

"Humph," said Marsh, then his jaw came out and there was an oratorical nasal twang to his voice. "We'll show 'em then. I'll prosecute. Nobody has anything on me." His chest protruded, his head was thrown back. The pose seemed to announce: "That's the kind of a man I am—fearless, resolute, quick and terrible of decision. Come on with the applause."

"The case might also involve the director himself," suggested Purdy cautiously. But the district attorney was not to be shaken. "Galbraith has nothing on me," came the defiant answer. "If he has done anything crooked let him look out for himself. He never consulted me about his office. Never even came to see me. I want it understood, once and for all, I hold my hand for no man."

The assistant nodded and shrugged his shoulders slightly. "All right," he remarked, "the warrant goes out this afternoon for Slocum and Pelky."

"I have said so," cried Marsh, fiercely.

THE divisions of the federal service that had made the great conspiracy case were all represented at dinner that evening. They were eating in the rear of a dining-room once remarkable for its magnificent ornateness but now chiefly frequented for its table d'hote dinners at seventy-five cents and a dollar which were in harmony with an allowance of five dollars a day for maintenance made by an economical government.

Purdy of the Department of Justice had just joined the group. He had a late evening paper with him. "Well, it's started," he remarked as he sat down. "Here's the headline—WARRANT OUT FOR SLOCUM AND PELKY. *Leading prohibition officials joined with Belber and others in Great Rum Plot.* That sounds important to me." Clarke of the Special Intelligence Unit, an alert little man, was wrinkling his forehead over the menu. "Those boys ate at the Ritz," he remarked and then sighed. "Seventy-five cents table d'hote and safety. When I look at this card six nights running, I'm ready to interrogate B. Franklin on that little motto of his about its paying to be on the level."

Purdy grinned. "No, I guess B. Franklin never saw what I saw today—it was a double-six with solid wheels all done in a light tan color. It went past me like a slug from a seventy-five. And Bill La Fevre was at the wheel."

Hitchens of the Internal Revenue, very quiet and refined, nodded his head. "Yes, and two years ago, before Bill transferred to the Prohibition Bureau, I lent him ten dollars to meet his rent. He spent last winter at his place in Florida. He's resigned from the bureau, and his trail is covered. It looks good when you can get away with it."

"Quit it," snapped Clarke. "Meditate on Slocum and Pelky, who were tripped in the get-away."

"They weren't arrested," said Purdy. "The deputy marshal couldn't find them at the Ritz, but they obligingly left word not to be concerned, they would appear tomorrow for the hearing."

"The marshal's office was mighty close to the conspiracy," said Poole. "It owed the sufferers the courtesy of an advance notice that the warrant was on its way."

"The case is curious to me," remarked Purdy. "I can't quite make out where it ends. You can understand most cases. It doesn't seem possible that those prohibition fellows could have left their trail so wide open if they hadn't been convinced that nobody could or would touch them; then there's the director—a prominent figure in his county, reputed to be a millionaire, a member of prominent clubs, on the board of this institution and that—all the tags and badges of a leading citizen—it doesn't seem possible that he would stake all that on a chance for a bit of easy money; and yet, the office went bad in a week. I'm puzzling about the political significance of it. Galbraith is selected by the big boss who is in close alliance with Judge Winter—the brains of the political organization of Galbraith's county; and Jake Slocum, the judge's handy man, steps in as chief deputy and signs all papers. Then the talk begins to circulate that the judge is a candidate for governor. We all know that political campaigns cost a powerful lot of money. Perhaps Slocum and Galbraith thought they were rendering a public duty so important that no public officer would interfere with them.

"Perhaps," said Hitchens slowly, "and yet that first day's work was worth a hundred thousand dollars if they collected what was coming to them—and money like that might look good even to a millionaire."

There was a pause while they gave their orders—"a seventy-five cent dinner for me with lamb stew and spinach," said Clarke.

"There," he remarked bitterly. "I've saved a quarter and I hope Jake Slocum delivers himself up tomorrow for the hearing. He must have thought me a wooden head to travel along on three thousand dollars a year, when he was taking advantage of his opportunities. It will restore my confidence in general honesty if I see him in a jamb—I'm not spiteful, you know, but in these days of prohibition, when all the old standards of honesty seem to have gone overboard and every next person is blossoming into prosperity, I sometimes feel such a fool to be pinching along as I am."

AT the hearing the next day there was a great gathering, a half dozen defendants, each with a lawyer; some fifteen witnesses for the government, a squad of newspapermen and a crowd of the curious eager to get a peep into the mysterious land of the big bootlegger. Everything was ready. It was ten o'clock. Purdy glanced across the table at the array of defendant's counsel. "Does anyone represent Slocum and Pelky?" he asked. There was a general shaking of heads and a pause while Purdy talked to Jason Poole. He turned to the commissioner—a stooped little old man with perplexed eyes. "Mr. Commissioner, I am prepared to proceed; but two of the defendants appear to have been delayed."

A whisper ran about the room: "Slocum and Pelky haven't turned up, what do you make of that?" followed by another, "they gave the deputy marshal the slip last night and made a clean get-away—South America perhaps."

There was another pause. A commotion at the door, the crowd standing in the passageway parted, and two smallish men edged their way through. "Here they come," said Jason Poole. Clarke looked at their white, strained faces and their grim shut mouths, and whispered with a nervous laugh, "I don't feel so badly about that lamb stew and spinach."

The hearing dragged through the day, and closed in great perorations. Then the commissioner made his announcement: "I hold Jacob Slocum and Emmett Pelky under twenty-five thousand dollars bail each for their appearance at trial, and the other defendants under ten thousand dollars bail each."

Later Purdy, Clarke and Hitchens were walking down the quiet corridor. The offices of the various divisions of the department of justice were closed, except that of the marshal. As they passed the open doorway they glanced in and saw the late prohibition officials huddled in a corner, Pelky with drooping shoulders and Slocum fixed and immobile. The commissioner came out into the corridor. "They want me to release them on fifteen thousand dollars bail

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until tomorrow. They can produce that much bail tonight."

Purdy shook his head and walked on. "I think Pelky may break if we let him stare jail in the face for an hour. He was not so deep in the conspiracy as Slocum."

But when they returned in an hour the marshal's office was closed. The defendants had been taken to a hotel.

"A perfectly sound chance gone," said Purdy.

The grand jury before which the evidence for an indictment was to be submitted would not meet for six weeks. In the meantime the assistant district attorney and the Special Intelligence Unit labored industriously gathering evidence against new defendants and building up their case against the director himself. Purdy was conscious of an antagonism on the part of the district attorney, manifested in many ways. There was no denying the conclusion that Marsh wanted the proceedings confined to the men already under bail, and there was no denying the stiffening of Purdy's determination to include the director and such other additional defendants of importance as he could involve.

Few words passed between the two men on the subject. Once Purdy briefly outlined the additional evidence discovered and the additional defendants to be included.

"But I want the case confined to the men already arrested," protested the district attorney.

"The case can't be confined to them," replied the assistant, "for the evidence shows that it wasn't. We can't introduce evidence against some of them and suppress the evidence as to the rest."

"I've said what I want," asserted Marsh as he went out.

The assistant raised his eyebrows. "What we want and what we get aren't always the same," he remarked to himself. "This case is my responsibility and has to be gone through with."

The two men watched each other closely. When the assistant was interviewing witnesses, the district attorney found occasion to come into the room frequently. When he appeared, all references to Galbraith dropped out of the witness' story.

"I think you intend to go through with this thing," said one witness, "but there is a lot in it and around it that you don't know about, and I don't want to get myself in a jamb."

"So far as I'm able, I'll protect you if you'll come clean," said Purdy.

"But you ain't any too able," was the blunt answer.

At night the assistant worked with the Special Intelligence Unit, particularly Clarke and a young man named Frank Marshall who was quiet and steady-going.

IT was shortly after Purdy's unsatisfactory interview with the district attorney that he came into the post office building at night and mounted to an upper floor. He passed down a long shadowy corridor, where the click of his heels on the stone floor resounded loudly, and turned to the right into a shorter corridor at the end of which a bar of light from a doorway lay across the floor. He threw back a swinging door and found Clarke at a roll-top desk and Marshall at a table, both absorbed in papers.

"Anything new," asked Purdy.

"I've verified Jules Ginrich's tip on the real owners of the Filson Distillery," answered Marshall. "It belongs to our old friends Polakolf, Dago Murphy, Bill Isaacs and Frisco Sam Martin. They're the gang that's been running the International Sales Company in town here, and I suppose the rest of Ginrich's story is true too about the other distilleries they've purchased, three or four of them."

"Great stuff," cried Purdy. "How'd you get it?"

"I chased that check for interest, we got off the distillery records, down into the National Bank, dug into the bank's records and found the gang had borrowed a hundred thousand or so to finance the deal. The notes were there—some of them, though most of them had been lifted before they came due. Those fellows must have cleaned up quick. They bought the distillery just before the new director took office. Apparently they counted on getting plenty of permits, and manifestly they succeeded."

"Great work," remarked Purdy. "I certainly would like to lay that crowd by the heels. Old Jules and his tips are sometimes helpful. I suppose he envies that gang for being more successful at bootlegging than himself and so tips us off occasionally."

"It was a beautiful little tip he gave us about the carload of whiskey coming to the freight station," said Marshall. "We hung around for three days waiting for some one to claim it, but nobody showed up; so we confiscated it. When I get low in spirit and feel that the bootleggers are laughing at our struggles to get witnesses I just think of some fellow doubled up with agony at losing a hundred thousand dollars worth of whiskey and feel better."

"It's the gentlemanly thing these days," said Purdy, "to lie about a liquor transaction. I can feel these fellows about us like a closed circle of silence, denying everything, knowing nothing. But that's not the worst worry I have just now. I've felt for a long time that we were going to have a rough time putting our case over against the director. It looks worse than ever to me just now."

"Politics?" asked Clarke.

Purdy nodded, "That's it. A rotten system any way you figure it. They select one of these big-time local politicians and stick him in as director. He hasn't the first qualification for the job, if they honestly mean to enforce prohibition. He has plenty of other qualifications, however—nerve and cupidity. Perhaps he takes care of his friends—'political loyalty' they call it. Perhaps he hogs it all for himself. If he's too avaricious or stupid and the thing becomes a public scandal, Washington steps in most holily, picks some underling for the goat, spurns him out of office, goes soft on the director, puts in a regular revenue man for a while to sit on the lid until the outcry has died down and the demand for permits has become red-hot, then a new politician goes in and the bootleggers have a second inning."

"And while we're working nights preparing one case," interjected Clarke, "they're making a second one under our very noses, just as big and just as complicated, but different in its details. There are more ways of beating this law than there are of going to hell."

He sat back in his swivel chair and worried his hair till it stood on end.

"When Washington begins to select directors for other than political reasons," went on Purdy, "and when agents are put in the classified service, and not appointed at the suggestion of a ward or city or county leader, I'll begin to think Washington is on the level when it talks of prohibition enforcement. Does anyone suppose that a ward leader plants a man in the office to harass his own constituents? No, sir, that leader wants protection and advance information. No wonder we don't trust 5 per cent of the agents, they aren't appointed to enforce the law, and they know it and we know it."

"What chance have we got anyway," said Clarke, "against these big fellows? We're nothing but cogs in the old federal machine. We are run from Washington. If we meddle they'll go to Washington, and strike at a point miles above our heads, and then perhaps we're transferred to a post somewhere two thousand miles away."

"Well," said Purdy, "it's going to be some wrestle this time between the political forces on the outside and the blind old federal machine that runs over anybody big or little if you let it alone."

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At eleven o'clock they got up to go.

"Do you know, I figure that the fraudulent papers issued by that office were worth about two million dollars a month," said Clarke.

"I wonder who got the money," said Purdy thoughtfully.

THE grand jury convened to investigate charges of violation of law and to make its quarterly return of indictments. Purdy was prepared to offer the evidence against the persons involved. Nothing further had been said between himself and the district attorney as to Galbraith. The assistant was determined to present the evidence against the director; he felt sure the district attorney was planning to prevent it.

The tensity of the situation was relieved when Marsh left the office for a few days. He never explained where he had gone, but on his return the battle began in a long conference, at which Purdy insisted on presenting the evidence against Galbraith and the district attorney as strenuously objected. "I want it understood," Marsh repeated, "that I am protecting no one. I prosecute without fear or favor, but the commissioner of prohibition has not yet dismissed the director, and to prosecute will be a discourtesy that will involve the attorney general in a controversy with the secretary of the Treasury. When Galbraith is dismissed we will prosecute."

"And in the meantime we smother the evidence against him and make scapegoats out of his subordinates," retorted the assistant.

"No cases are 'smothered' in this office," objected the district attorney.

"Use what word you choose to," said Purdy. "I can't see it any other way."

The discussion terminated without conclusion and was continued the next morning. It was compromised by confining the first day's testimony to the original defendants.

The following morning the same question was up again.

"My remaining witnesses involve Galbraith," said Purdy. "I must present their testimony or resign."

The district attorney smiled ingratiatingly. "You're an obstinate devil," he remarked. "I propose that we withhold the testimony from this grand jury and you and I will go to Washington and lay the matter before the commissioner of prohibition. Whether or not he acts, we shall no longer owe him any courtesy, and we will at once call a special grand jury to investigate the matter to the fullest extent without concern as to where it may lead."

"That sounds like a possible solution," remarked the assistant. "But we should first consult with the Special Intelligence Unit which is handling the case."

Presently France came into the room in his quiet way and sat and listened to the proposal.

"If it is a matter of temporary postponement merely," he remarked at the conclusion, "I agree, but of course we are emphatic in insisting that the prosecution be carried to a conclusion."

So the break was avoided, but the situation continued much as before. No special grand jury was called, and no visit was made to the commissioner of prohibition. Purdy was very grim about it. Midway of the three months before the coming of the next grand jury, the state sustained a great loss or was relieved of a great burden—depending upon the point of view; the state boss died. He was the center of many hopes and ambitions and the ruthless force that suppressed many others.

The assistant contemplated the news in relation to the prosecution of Galbraith and felt assured that an obstacle had been removed. Within a month Galbraith had resigned from office, and the district attorney was convinced that the prosecution must go on relentlessly. The news reached Galbraith, and two days later the attorney general's office was manifesting an interest in the case. A letter arrived directing that no action be taken until further advice was forwarded; but there was no further advice, at least none that the assistant received, although the district attorney spoke of telephone calls from Washington and manifested an unmistakable return to his old attitude.

The grand jury convened. There was still no word from the attorney general releasing his injunction.

"If the case is suppressed again," thought the assistant, "it will die in silence." He said as much to the district attorney but was put off with the careless assurance that the matter could wait another three months.

Purdy was stubborn, and a telephone call to Washington finally produced two representatives of the attorney general's office.

A conference was called with them. Clarke, France, Marshall and Hitchens were invited. Purdy reviewed the evidence at length. And there followed a few moments of general conversation.

"We shall report on the matter, and you will receive a reply in due course," said one of the visitors.

"I must have it no later than tomorrow," flared Purdy. "This case can't be done in a day or two days, and the time is mighty short."

"There is no hurry," said the visitor. "You will not be permitted to go ahead at this time."

"I knew it," said Purdy fiercely. "So politics have succeeded in spilling the federal machine."

"There are no politics in our department," said one of the visitors bristling up.

"And no politics in this case or my office," interjected Marsh.

"No politics!" cried Purdy. "The case is shot full of politics. It was conceived in politics and it is about to die in politics. But you can tell the attorney general or whomsoever you deliver your report to that if this case is to die I must be fired before the grand jury reconvenes next week; for if I'm still in office I shall present it and no one will stop me."

He was still in office when the grand jury met and he started the case before it.

He joined his co-workers at the table d'hote that evening. "It was brisk going for a while," he said with a laugh. "But I guess we're comfortably on our way now. Those fellows you laid hold of the other day broke and told a rich story. They begin to think they had better line up with the winners and get a bath of immunity. We may have a squawk from the real inside yet, and then we'll tie up the big distillery ring and maybe reach out beyond the state director and lay hold of an upstanding figure or two in the state. Of course, I may yet be picked off. I had a tip the other day from a friend of mine. He met me in the corridor and said, 'Look out for yourself. They're fixin' to get you and get you quick.' 'Much obliged,' I told him, 'but if they want to get me I can't help it.' So perhaps we won't all go through with this thing together, but we've started it, and no one can stop it now."

It was afternoon of the next day. Purdy was climbing the broad stairs slowly and thoughtfully. He had his hat on and his overcoat thrown over his arm. He walked down the short corridor to the swinging door at the entrance to the office of the Special Intelligence Unit. Marshall was smoking a long cigar. Clarke was worrying his hair at the roll-up desk. He swung around and hailed cheerfully.

"How's the representative of Justice today—the Department of Justice, I mean."

Purdy sat down on the ledge of a bookcase and pulled out his watch. "Just a bit too late to be correct," he remarked with a wry smile. "It is two minutes past three. I received a letter from Washington a few hours ago. I was canned at three o'clock today." He shrugged his shoulders. "Who was it remarked that politics and prohibition were blood brothers?"

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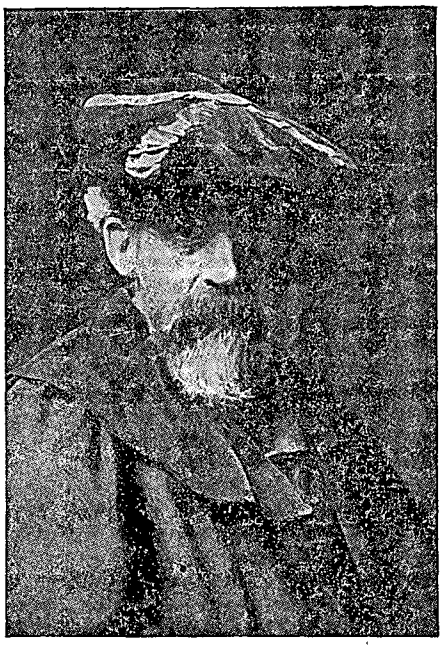
Neighbors

IN May, Professor Patrick Geddes, head of the Department of Civics and Sociology at the University of Bombay, will come to America for a four months' visit. His Cities and Town Planning Exhibition, which now occupies a hall two hundred feet in length, will remain behind in India; but in a series of lectures at the New School for Social Research, New York, and in separate lectures at various other institutions, Professor Geddes will expound the conception of civics and city planning which dominates that famous exhibition.

The name, Patrick Geddes, stands for different things to different people. To city planners and civic workers, Geddes is the wandering student who, as city planner and sociologist, has surveyed, analyzed, and compared the development of cities and city-regions throughout the world, in India and Palestine as well as Europe and America. Those who are fresh from their natural history courses at the universities will think of Geddes as the authority on sex, co-author with J. Arthur Thomson of The Evolution of Sex, and Sex. To the Zionists Geddes will bring up vistas of the New Jerusalem and the New Hebrew University he has planned on Mt. Scopas; while the geographers will see in Geddes the friend and periodic colleague of Elisée Reclus, the pioneer in "regional survey," and the founder of the British regionalist movement. There is a small public, perhaps, that knows Geddes as the co-editor, with Victor V. Branford, of the Making of the Future series, published by Williams and Norgate in England. Finally, there are a few acquainted with Patrick Geddes in all these aspects, and who see in his relentless activities as scientist, artist, and technician, a new Leonardo, embodying the outlooks and ideas of a second Renaissance, visibly bringing together in his own person all the dispersed specialisms of the modern age.



Professor Patrick Geddes

Born in 1854, Patrick Geddes is now sixty-nine years old. The first thirty years of his life gave him his foundations in the world of science as biologist; and his initial interest in living creatures, in their growth and development and reproduction, is still at the core of all his other interests and activities—for his work as a whole is best regarded, perhaps, as a revolt from the sterile, mechanistic habits of thought which were fostered by Victorian industrialism. Instead of accepting a robot-like "mechanocentric" existence, focused in the dissecting room, the machine and the factory, Geddes stands for "biocentric" activities, grouped about the living creature, the garden, the home, with all the mechanical apparatus subordinate to the main business of life—namely, the vivid interaction of the organism and its environment, the development in unison of "work, folk, and place."

The next thirty years of Geddes' life, from about 1885 to 1915, were centered in Aberdeen and Edinburgh. It was in Edinburgh that Geddes founded his famous summer school of civics; it was there that he built up the Outlook Tower, which as long ago as 1898 Professor Charles Zueblin described in the American Journal of Sociology as the world's first sociological laboratory; it was there that he instituted the Civic Survey of Edinburgh, almost two decades before the first American survey. It was in Edinburgh, finally, that Geddes laid the foundations for the cities movement, which was brought to a head in the London Town Planning Conference of 1910, and which culminated in the international cities exposition at Ghent in 1913. It is impossible in this short space even to catalogue Geddes' fertile initiatives and achievements. His report on Dunfermline is still, as A. G. Gardiner described it in Pillars of Society, a mine of sociological wisdom; while with regard to more practical activities, his Edinburgh zoo is probably the most finely ordered, and in its own way the most exhaustive of all zoos, the famous Hamburg zoo not excepted.

The crown of all this study and experience has come during the last decade in India and Palestine. Professor Geddes has surveyed and reported upon some fifty different cities in India, from Bombay to Calcutta, and from Amritsar to Madura. His report to the Durbar of Indore, in two volumes, is by all odds the most comprehensive study of civics and industry and social life, in a limited scene, that has yet been published; it provides for the development of every detail in the city's existence, from the disposal of sewage and the regulation of traffic—with which our Western reports, alas! too frequently end—to the creation of a "post-Germanic" university, a university militant, ministering to the good life in the community.

During the last few months Professor Geddes has, in addition to his regular university work, been preparing plans for a zoo in Lucknow, for Tagore's new schools in Bengal and for Osmania University at Hyderabad. With his return to India next winter, he will complete his engagement in the University of Bombay and will probably devote the greater part of his time, throughout the year, to city planning activities.

LEWIS W. HINE'S old printer on the cover of SURVEY GRAPHIC for February, we have since learned, was well chosen to represent the general subject of that number: Joy in Work. Although known to his intimates also as a musician and a scholar, this old man with his shock of white hair and bushy eyebrows and with his long, lean hands took chief delight in his work at the printing press and as a teacher of his trade. His granddaughter supplies the following notes concerning him.

Deprived of an opportunity to attend school regularly in childhood, he persistently made the most of every other chance to study. He read unceasingly and patiently tackled and comprehended many a volume too forbidding in appearance for the average college-bred person. The subjects that caught his attention covered a broad scope. When his interest was fixed on one, whether it concerned history, religon, science or what-not, he did not let it rest until he had

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Printer, musician, scholar, teacher of Joy in Work

ferreted out its origin and traced its development. We were apt to be quizzed by him on almost any question.

Grandfather forgot time when he became lost in books or friendly argument. It was his habit to sleep and read intermittently through the night; and it was as usual to discover him poring over some book at four A. M. as at four P. M.

To the printing trade he gave sixty-two years of his life, progressing step by step from apprenticeship to proofreading. In his later years he handled principally medical and technical books, including Appleton's encyclopedia. Because of his adherence to a definite standard of work, he often found it difficult to comply with the shop requirements. It was impossible for him to rush things through if this involved a sacrifice of neatness and perfection in his work. Accuracy in workmanship and substance of the material printed were the aim not only of his own work but also of his instruction to the high-school boys to whom in his last twelve years he taught the trade.

He derived keen satisfaction from every opportunity to exercise the skill of his craft and from his realization that it was an instrument for the dissemination of knowledge. In that spirit he taught, using every means at his command to fill his pupils with the desire to find expression in creative effort.

FOR a moderately modest person to be hailed as an "angel" by the press of a foreign country and to be pursued by that epithet throughout her stay in it must be a trying experience. But Elsa Brandstrom, who has recently come to this country and whom the American newspapers apparently find it impossible to mention without the cognomen "angel of Siberia," has lived through worse things. In fact, the account she gives of some of her experiences with the Swedish Red Cross among the war prisoners in Siberia might almost have been taken from Florence Nightingale's Crimean letters.

Daughter of the Swedish ambassador to the court at St. Petersburg, Miss Brandstrom began her work among war prisoners almost at the outbreak of the war. She was the only worker from a neutral country who continued it until 1920. Let her tell the story in her own words:

There were about fifty of us, and there were two million prisoners in camps scattered over some seventy thousand square miles of territory. We were the bad consciences of the Russian officials. We had to lead the commanders to the camps where twelve thousand prisoners were put in barracks meant for two thousand, barracks where the floors were so covered with sick and dying men, lying in unimaginable filth, that we had to push aside the bodies to find room for our own feet; we had to show them car-loads of prisoners, sick with typhus, who were locked in freight cars in the Moscow railroad yards and left to freeze and starve to death.

They would say, "I did not know it was so bad. Do what you can about it." Then we would set up hospitals where the sick could be cared for by those who were not so sick; we would get them clothes against the cruelly cold weather; we would check up on the rations; there would not be so much suffering. Then would come a change in government. Everything would stop, the rations would be held up, the camps overcrowded, the typhus would break out—the work must all be done again from the beginning. And when we had begun to accomplish something—another revolution.

Out of the two million prisoners six hundred thousand died. Those who live are sick in mind, and worn out in body. They lived on in the hope of coming back again to the rest and peace of their homes. And they came back to find their own families starving, to find their wives exhausted from the struggle to provide only half enough food for the children.

It is to help these that I have come to America. I have bought two estates where these men can be cared for, where they can have quiet and care, medical attention, work when they are able; where they can stay a few weeks, or a few months, or a few years if it is necessary, and then go out into life again, refreshed and renewed.

And then, too, there are the children and wives of those who died in Siberia, to whom I wrote the last messages of their fathers and husbands. They think I am in some way related to them now, and that if they bring their troubles to me I will take care of them.

Miss Brandstrom is the sort of person to whom one surrenders one's problems satisfied that they will be solved. To the sick, hopeless, fever-crazed men among whom she worked in the Siberian prisons, this slender, fair-haired woman, with her youthful buoyancy, must have seemed an "angel" indeed.

Mr. Pillitz, the Hungarian artist who made the accompanying drawing of Miss Brandstrom, was a prisoner of war at *Krasz Najorszk,* one of the camps in which Miss Brandstrom worked. He says, "She had no fear of anything. She was always exposed to typhus and all the dangers of a prison camp, but she was not afraid."

FOR four years a new stream of crusaders has been pouring into the Holy Land—the Jews in search of a national home. They have come—some 30,000 strong—from Galicia, Poland, Rumania, Austria, Russia—from lands racked by war, pestilence and famine. Most of them are young, hardly more than boys and girls, and three-quarters of them are graduates of high schools. How are these students and clerks to bridge the chasm between their books and stone-breaking under a semi-tropical sun, between the Ghettos of Polish towns and the tented labor camps of the valley of Jezreel, where the Chaluzim are winning new victories on the battlefields of Gideon and Saul?

Much of that answer must be written in terms of health—conserving the slender stock of that precious commodity which the newcomers bring with them, and enabling them to make the tremendous adjustment to pioneer life, as well as arousing the interest of the older Jewish groups in the prosaic problems of sanitation, malaria, typhoid, and trachoma, which centuries of neglect have rooted deeply in Palestine. For four years this has been the work of Dr. I. M. Rubinow, who has just returned to America, leaving the work under the direction of "the Jewish Florence Nightingale," Henrietta Szold.

The "angel of Siberia"

"Paradoxically, Palestine may be described as a healthy country with a very sick popula-

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tion," Dr. Rubinow declares. "The dangers to the Jewish population are due to its poverty and the peculiar conditions which accompany forced immigration. It is as futile to expect to build up Palestine without sufficient medical service as it would have been futile to try building the Panama Canal without organizing in advance the sanitary and engineering work. What we have been trying to do in Palestine was to run an efficient repair shop for the human material used in upbuilding the land."

That repair shop includes hospitals in Jerusalem, Jaffa, Heifa, Safed and Tiberius, with laboratories and dispensaries and a training school conducted by American nurses. It includes a nurse in each of the labor camps, and doctors, usually travelling donkey-back, for routine and emergency visits to the camps. It includes child welfare and milk stations in Jerusalem, and constant medical supervision and care of the 15,000 Jewish school children of Palestine, which has reduced the percentage of skin diseases from 50 to 24, and of trachoma from 30 to 18, though it still is 80 in the Arab schools. It includes health pamphlets in Hebrew (with a special committee to coin words for bacteria, automobile, and other post-Biblical terms). Until September, 1922, when the government of Palestine, aided by the Joint Distribution Committee, took over a function which naturally belongs to it, it included malaria and sanitary work in the labor camps; and at an earlier date, it included similar work even in the cities.

In evolving a modern medical service under pioneer conditions Dr. Rubinow, who is the author of the standard work on social insurance, has had an opportunity to try out interesting experiments. All the doctors in the service are on a full-time basis, with adequate salary, and private practice is forbidden. This makes impossible the exploitation of patients of which hospitals sometimes are accused, and enables the director to shift his assistants to strategic points when emergencies arise. All patients in the hospitals, which take in Arabs as well as Jews, receive the same service, but each pays what he can. The rate varies from nothing to $5 a day. About 15 per cent of the budget is met by the Jewish communities in Palestine, the rest by Jews throughout the world, chiefly the Jews of America.

"The government of Palestine has not the means to do this work," says Dr. Rubinow. "The Jews themselves must build their homeland, working with the devotion with which the first-comers undertook the first task at hand—road building. Under ordinary conditions this work soon could become self-supporting in large measure. It is not fair to ask this of an immigrant and a laboring population. The American Zionist Medical Unit, a temporary war relief group which left for Palestine in June, 1918, with forty or fifty members, has become the permanent Hadassah Medical Organization with an annual budget of $600,000 and five hundred members, very few of them American. We must keep it going."

A SOUTHERN social worker's manuscript—too long for publication—mentioned a Mexican woman who, it seemed, in her modest, unsophisticated way accomplished some of the things which neighborhood workers throughout the country are trying to do. "Tell us about Valeria," we wrote; and here is her answer:

One day I met Valeria in the Mexican colony out by the cemetery. She was trudging along on her poor rheumatic feet, her arms laden with bundles.

"What are you doing so far from home?" I asked when greetings were over, including the ceremonious inquiry after the health of each member of my family.

"Go see Juana. Juana gotta baby. Husband no gotta work."

The bundles were now explained. They were filled with the purchases Valeria had made the day before at the rummage sale, baby clothes, a warm nightgown, a baby blanket. We had wondered at the time—for we knew that Valeria had no children. And then I bethought myself of other times I had seen Valeria in various parts of the town and of other mysterious purchases.

After this I took note on rummage sale days of the articles selected by our best customer. One day it was a pair of children's shoes, one day a black waist and skirt, one day a very large sweater.

"But this won't fit you, Valeria," I said. "This is too big."

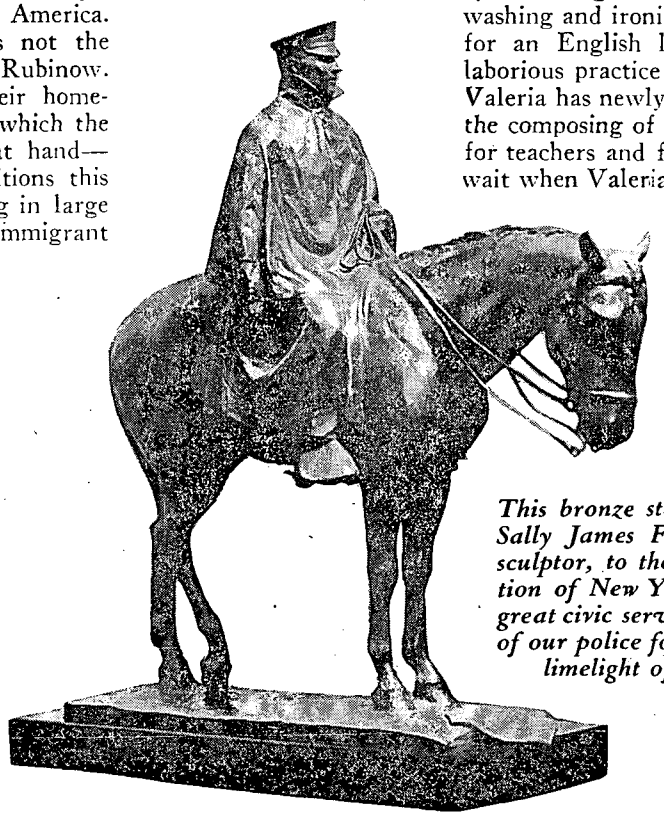
"This no por me. This por Jesusita. She sick the feet. No puede walk."

Then I began to understand. Valeria was the self-appointed charity commissioner, Red Cross and visiting nurse for all of her large acquaintance. Was it illness, there she was with a bowl of hot soup and a willing hand and a home-made remedy of herbs. Was it death, Valeria furnished the flowers from her garden. Were there no school shoes for the children (at home they needn't wear any), Valeria provided them.

Yet Valeria is very little better off than they. She is over fifty and far from strong; her husband, a day laborer, is paying dollar by dollar for the bit of land and the crude shack which is their home. Yet month by month the shack becomes less crude; screen doors and windows, a porcelain sink and running water, adequate furniture, give evidence of the adaptability of this illiterate old pair of Mexican peons, not ten years away from their adobe earth-floored hut, to the "land of opportunity." And the garden! The garden needs no apologist. A mass of foliage, a riot of bloom, a prolific larder!

And all this takes time. So does the daily bath (incredible but true), the daily scrubbing of floors and the almost daily washing and ironing. Yet there is also time for an English lesson twice a week, for laborious practice of the art of writing, for Valeria has newly learned to write, and for the composing of many little nosegays, gifts for teachers and friends. But all this must wait when Valeria hears of a friend in need.

What has America to teach this new neighbor of ours? And what has she to teach America?



RAIN

This bronze statuette was given by Mrs. Sally James Farnham, the well-known sculptor, to the Mounted Police Association of New York in appreciation of the great civic service rendered by a branch of our police force which rarely enjoys the limelight of popular appreciation

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EDITORIALS

NOT the wild autumn but spring is the season of emotional conflict. Our instinctive and social heritages are apt to split, and we are swayed by different impulses which represent different stages in the experience of the race. Thus, when Mrs. Bruère speaks of the universal impulse to plant something as the snow melts away and the rich earth is fragrant in the warm sunshine, she speaks of a heritage which probably is traditional rather than in the blood and bones of this generation. It remains to be seen whether that desire will survive after more than one or two generations of living in city apartments with not even a backyard for the exercise of the art of growing things.

Older and more universal is the impulse to roam that comes upon us at this season—attested to by the poets from Chaucer to Riley:

> Whan that Aprille with hise shoures soote
> The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
> .....
> Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

This is the time when in our modern America boys steal a ride—or even an automobile; when mothers and teachers find youth ungovernable; when workingmen "sass" their foremen and go off after another job; when those who have to stay in stuffy shops and offices dream of green hedges somewhere and fragrant meadows. Long before we were human, this was the time of year when, in common with all living things, we were ready to "take a risk"—to unfold rather than shrink into ourselves. From ancient pastoral days, this was the time to "get a move on" with kith and kin, and not only for the young who left the parental tent to mate.

But superimposed upon this instinct to wander comes the experience handed on, first from mother to daughter, later from father to son, the eager scanning of sun and moon and other signs of nature for the propitious moment to plant the seed that will provide sustenance in days to come. The erratic instinct is suppressed; the thrifty husbandman's attitude to life becomes "second nature." Are, then, these two impulses—the one inherited, the other acquired—irreconcilable, perennially in conflict? Perhaps. But they need not be.

It is only in the nineteenth century that the opportunity to grow things for all who wanted to do so was lost; only in the nineteenth century that wanderlust and productivity have become mutually exclusive. Sound instincts have been sacrificed to a mistaken notion of wealth and security. The ancient and medieval journeyman who saw life while he perfected himself in his craft was a better workman by far than the one today who remains glued to his task, "sticking by the firm," mechanically efficient only because habituated through endless repetition to rapid performance of a few simple processes.

THE proposal which Mrs. Bruère makes in her article, to use the seasonally unemployed labor of our industries to make good the shortage of rural labor at this time of year, is psychologically sound in that it meets both the biological and the socially inherited desires in the human breast. It might even be enlarged. Why not deliberately induce seasonal fluctuations in trades that now are steady—too steady for the spiritual good of those engaged in them? Why not give all of us, and more especially those of us who are young, the opportunity of interrupting the blunting monotony of our vocational life by a seasonal holiday for work of a different kind—a human service, elementary in its significance, the growing of bread?

And what of our schools? Down on one of the sea islands off the Carolina coast, Penn School closes for a full fortnight of spring planting every year. Class-rooms are empty; teachers and pupils alike are off to the fields—after a procession with rakes and hoes and flags down the island road to hail the opening of the new crop-year. Around most of our cities there are abandoned war gardens that could be reclaimed if the education authorities took them over to initiate children into the great common rite of all the nations.

"BETTER business," said Sir Horace Plunkett on his recent visit to the United States, "means teaching farmers to combine." He stressed the necessity of building cooperative agricultural organization from the bottom up rather than from the top down; but it was clear from many of his remarks that he did not wish this dictum to be understood as a criticism of concerted effort to teach farmers how to cooperate. He said:

> In Ireland we attach so much importance to the cooperative spirit that we try to get farmers to organize for every purpose of their industry, always beginning with some simple transaction, such as buying fertilizer, or perhaps selling their eggs or something of that sort, to try out the method and get them to understand the principles involved. We maintain that the cooperative principle is the only sound principle for farmers' combinations, as the capitalistic or joint stock system nearly always ends disastrously.

In contrasting the development of cooperation among the farmers of Ireland with that of the American farmers, Sir Horace did not, apparently, fully appreciate the difference of the conditions in which both have their origin. For the tobacco growers of the South in the last year or two, as previously for the fruit growers of California and other groups, it was not a question, as it had been in Ireland, of slowly learning how to grow things and thus step by step improving their living conditions; for them, who knew how to produce in abundance, it was a question of beating a powerful machine that worked against them by setting up

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a more powerful machine of their own. It was a task that could only be met in a big inclusive fashion.

It is easy to find fault with some of these great organizations on the ground that they are managed by a bureaucracy, that, as a writer in the New Republic states, "there is nothing in the organic structure of these farmers' large-scale merchandizing associations to inspire the public with a faith in the present movement for meeting the tests of social relationship and for enhancing the farmer's power of mobile, intelligent adaptation to economic changes." But has not the farmer first of all to learn the power of organization before he can learn the art of making it respond to the fine shadings of a truly democratic control? Of course, it would be a great loss, not to say calamity, if the movement were standing still at this point. But there is no adequate ground for that charge. Just as trade unionism among the industrial workers has been the basis upon which elaborate structures of self-governing organization for various economic, social, educational and political purposes have eventually been built, so the cooperation of farmers for the protection of elementary interests may be relied upon gradually to bear fruit in a richer community life.

COOPERATIVE marketing by itself does not suffice to improve the lot of the American farmer. This was strikingly illustrated the other day in Arkansas. Here the Cotton Growers Cooperative Association had signed up six thousand farmers for the whole of their 1922 crop, expected to yield 200,000 bales. But only 70,000 bales were delivered and sold through the association. Why? George T. Odell, who describes the circumstances in the Christian Science Monitor, says:

> The holders of the crop mortgages would not let the farmers sell through their own association. They took the cotton themselves. Cotton, it must be remembered, has steadily increased in price. This is another state where the farmers are enslaved by a system of credits—and by tenantry.

Whether the Capper-Lenroot-Anderson Rural Credits Act, one of the few positive achievements of the recent Congress, is going to meet situations such as this remains to be seen. The act falls short of the facilities which enthusiasts for credit extensions had hoped for from federal legislation. It provides for the establishment of twelve intermediate credit banks under the control of the Farm Loan Board, each with a capital of five million dollars to be subscribed by the Treasury. It is, therefore, definitely an extension of government banking in a field hitherto left entirely to private enterprise. Some have criticized this bill as a dangerous precedent; some because it would "shove the farmers further into debt"; but most on the ground that other reforms are more urgently needed—especially the control of transportation; the opening of foreign markets by a consistent foreign policy; and price regulation. The radical Northwest and the conservative agricultural organ, Wallace's Farmer, agree in complaining that extension of credit, unaccompanied by other measures, is not going to convert loss into profit. Nevertheless, much evident disappointment among farmers does not blind them to the advantages of this measure which promises to give them at least a minimum of protection against greedy and unsympathetic creditors. The new institution is not going to help appreciably in diminishing the cost of loans for large transactions, such as land purchase or big improvements; nor is it needed to tide over quick turnovers. But it will ease the situation between planting and marketing, a period varying from three to nine months; and, giving the farmer a new source of credit to fall back upon, it will exert a wholesome influence on current charges for accommodation of that kind. Indeed, with the moderate sums of governmental capitalization involved, it is likely that the indirect, psychological effect—the giving of backbone to the farmer in his fight against extortion—will be more valuable than anything the twelve new banks can do directly to uphold prices or cheapen credit.

FOR some reason, the French government and French agricultural organizations have been anxious that the International Labor Office at Geneva should restrict its work to questions relating to industry. It may not be far-fetched to suggest that underlying other motives was the reason that in so far as international questions on rural labor are concerned, France is predominantly an employing nation which is finding work at certain seasons of the year for considerable numbers of foreign migrant laborers. However, the question of the office's competency has been submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and upon its decision that the Treaty of Versailles empowered the International Labor Office to look into conditions of farm life and labor, the French have promised their loyal cooperation in this work. Encouraging progress has been made in the last few months. Not only has the governing body of the International Labor Office appointed an international committee on agriculture, but a joint advisory committee of representatives of the labor office and of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome has been formed which, in giving expert consideration to the questions raised, will have the benefit of the experience and information collected for so many years by the older institution.

With the recent decision of the dominant employers' and trade-union organizations in the United States to take part as full members in the work of the International Labor Office, and with the participation of this country in the activities of the International Institute of Agriculture which was founded by David Lubin of Sacramento, the obstacle of political aloofness to cooperation in a great social task seems to have been almost entirely overcome in this instance. Indeed, it would not be surprising if in the course of time international agreements were reached concerning the treatment of migratory agricultural labor which would help to make an end to those unfortunate conditions of Mexican labor in some of our southwestern states that seem to have survived all our protective national and state legislation. But what will the International Labor Organization do if the subject of international labor exploitation in tropical colonial countries—that is, in the potentially largest food producing areas of the world—ever comes up seriously for debate?

LABOR, after all, is a secondary problem for the agriculturists of the world to meet. International labor organization presupposes world peace, and world peace implies that there is an adequate supply of food for all the people made accessible to all the people. This, in fact, is the first item in the program of the World Agriculture Society, formed three years ago largely through the effort of President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He found that the farmers of the world had no international organization or conference to cooperate in the solution of their common problem. He found that there was no international agency to study the

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food needs of the world's population, or the conservation and reclamation of fertile soil, or the means by which food producers might be assured a fair return for their investment and labor, or the dissemination of the best modern methods of husbandry and scientific knowledge of production and management. Yet famine in one country often coincides with unusually large crops in another with disaster for large sections of the people in both. Thousands migrate from one country to another without certainty that the land which is their goal will in the long run best support them and their families. Different regions compete in the production of one commodity, glutting the markets of the world, while, owing to lack of knowledge on the part of producers, other commodities for which there is active demand, and which could be produced at a much higher profit, are offered in insufficient quantities. The need for a continuous survey of these and similar factors on an international basis is clear. Without it there can be no international cooperation in the largest economic concerns of humanity. In the absence of a more inclusive agency, representative of the governments as well as of the farmers, the World Agriculture Society is to be commended for the admirable pioneer work it has set going in this unexplored field.

WHAT is popular art? There are indications that many of those responsible for movements that aim at popularizing the arts will have to revise their judgments. Whatever may be the cause, America is rapidly outgrowing its admiration for the sweetly pretty picture that tells a trite story tritely. The calendar maker and the editor of a popular magazine will have to go to school again and try to keep up with the times. Wherever real art, simple, competent and free from shallow sentimentalism, is shown, the people appreciate it. For instance, the Brooklyn Museum has just closed an exhibition of contemporary Russian paintings and sculpture as variedly representative of the spirit of the times as anything shown by a public institution in recent years. Great doubt had been expressed concerning the probable success of this exhibition; some there were who thought that such an exhibition would appeal only to a few connoisseurs, that it would be caviar for the masses. Instead, this exhibition was attended by over seventy thousand persons; the first edition of the catalogue was exhausted on the second day; the people who came discussed eagerly the merits of the works shown and found in them moods and ideas corresponding to their own.

"There is no more vicious doctrine of art propaganda," Rossiter Howard, curator of the Cleveland Museum of Art, said recently, "than the belief in the need of lowering standards to meet popular taste." He added later:

> Don't let us suppose that because the parents are in the story age of appreciation, the children are not susceptible to genuine art qualities. . . . Give them the best, and they will be more excited over the drawing of Michael Angelo than over the doggies of Landseer. . . .
>
> We can win our own generation to a support of what we are trying to do. We can win our children to standards far beyond any possibilities for ourselves. In both cases the most potent element is abundant nourishment of the finest quality.

Few people as yet realize that every household, no matter how modest, possesses what Mr. Howard calls "the most effective means of developing appreciation"—is able to own original works of art. Many homes now filled with photographic reproductions of mediocre paintings could, without any additional outlay, contain prints and etchings, even original water colors of greater decorative effect and much higher artistic value. To many people of moderate means the thought has not yet come that they can afford—afford better than some of the luxuries in which they indulge—to decorate their homes with original paintings of a high quality, insuring for themselves a permanent source of enjoyment and sometimes an investment, and at the same time encouraging contemporary American art. The new Painters' and Sculptors' Gallery Association which has just opened a permanent exhibition in the Grand Central Terminal building in New York, and which will send collections of works by living American artists throughout the country, is yet another organized effort of the artists themselves to find that larger market. It remains for community leaders and others interested in the cultivation of good taste to help break down the antiquated notion that ownership of works of art is a privilege of the rich.

THE Americans who are accustomed to look to their secretary of commerce for authoritative leadership in foreign relief are puzzled. A month ago there was famine in Russia—a great famine. Today Mr. Hoover waves the famine aside. There are two methods of attacking the famine: emergency relief and economic reconstruction. Mr. Hoover not only denies, in effect, the need for further American aid through emergency relief but blocks the plea of his own representatives in Russia for American understanding of the need and methods of reconstruction.

When the Commission on Russian Relief which had traveled some nine thousand miles through famine provinces to get the facts for the National Information Bureau made its report in February, asserting that eight million Russians were in danger of starving before the next harvest unless relief feeding was "continued and increased," Mr. Hoover was silent. But his associates, George Barr Baker and Frank Page, stated publicly that their information showed this estimate to be correct. As late as March 5, the A. R. A. quoted the same figure in its publicity, as the basis of its present program.

Mr. Hoover himself found the situation so complicated by the export of grain and other factors that he could not continue feeding adults, but limited his program to the feeding of children. But other organizations—the American Friends Service Committee, for instance—undertook to increase their effort to meet in some small way the emergent problem of keeping alive some parents as well as children.

Whereupon it suddenly appeared that there was no famine to speak of. Mr. Hoover, on March 8, gave the press a statement based on cable advices from Colonel Haskell, his representative in Moscow, which asserted that

> the present program of the American Relief Administration combined with Soviet government relief measures is sufficient to prevent starvation and care for the sick until the harvest, which promises well. . . . We hear of no starvation in Russia, and while undernourishment is general, especially among children, we believe not over one million in all Russia would starve, even if all foreign relief stopped today. Conditions immeasurably better now than anticipated last fall. . . . Kamenev has read above and concurs.

So far, that is exactly that kind of picture the Soviet government is glad to have presented in American newspapers. Throughout the fall and winter, it has exaggerated its food resources and minimized the famine. In part, at least, its motive has apparently been to put a bold face on Russia's aspirations for foreign trade, and to salve the pride of the extreme Communists who find capitalistic philanthropy a thorn in the flesh and wish to be rid of it.

But is it a true picture? No grain has been reaped

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since October, when Kamenev, the same commissar who now approves Colonel Haskell's message, admitted that eight and a half million people would need feeding on January 1. Not a bushel has been added to the crop since February, when the American Relief Administration was convinced that eight millions needed aid to escape starvation. No increase has been made in Mr. Hoover's program of feeding children, with its maximum of three millions. At least one European agency has withdrawn from the field; the others, together with the smaller American organizations, will hardly care for more than half a million. Who is going to feed the other four and a half or five million people?

Mr. Hoover, suddenly become trustful, says the Soviet government will do all that is necessary to prevent starvation. We doubt it. So far as any announcement has been made, the amount set aside for famine feeding from the income tax (paid in grain), which is the chief source of current income for all governmental activities, is roughly seven million bushels. That would give each of four and a half million people about a bushel and a half to last until August. There is evidence that in some districts the food is holding out longer than was expected, and that the government is extending its effort and struggling with the situation at the points where suffering is greatest. But such impartial observers as the commissioners of the National Information Bureau, after studying the need and the governmental apparatus for meeting it, were convinced that the authorities neither would nor could accomplish so great a task.

IS there reason for his accepting just at this time—after roundly condemning Soviet ethics and policy for years—an inherently improbable Soviet declaration? The report from Colonel Haskell coincides, oddly enough, with the launching of several campaigns for funds by relief agencies in this country which are not under Mr. Hoover's control. Something very like this happened a year ago. When appeals from independent agencies were at their height in the winter of 1921-22, the secretary made a slashing public attack on some of them. Whether or not his strictures were justified in any particular instance, the immediate effect was to cripple for the time being the work not only of the organizations attacked but also of others admittedly reputable and useful.

Is this to happen again? It is too late now to save the situation in Russia this year in any large way. But it is not too late to alleviate the suffering of some of the thousands of villages where hunger will take toll this spring and summer. The Friends tell us that men and women are now starving to death in Pugachev. From east and south of the little area in Samara where their work is concentrated come pitiful appeals. They should immediately have the funds with which to push out into these surrounding areas of hunger and to do there what can yet be done to save Russian farmers and their families. Americans who do not share Mr. Hoover's confidence in the Soviet government have an opportunity to make sure of some few lives.

THE Nation has done a public service in publishing the original text of Colonel Haskell's report—differing in important particulars from the version which Mr. Hoover released to the press. Colonel Haskell's cable closed with these paragraphs:

> What Russia now needs is money or credit against which it can purchase necessities, rehabilitate agriculture, transportation, vital industries, medical institutions on permanent basis, and destroy ravages pests in agricultural areas.
>
> Realize reconstruction outside province A. R. A. but we should give public correct situation so any assistance can hereafter be directed proper purposes.
>
> Decision soviets export grain based effort accomplish above, but upbuilding without foreign financial help slow and ineffective and sure entail misery and suffering by millions over long period years.
>
> Kamenev has read above and concurs.

The first of these paragraphs Mr. Hoover quoted. The second and third he omitted—except for the phrase "realize reconstruction outside province A. R. A." Mr. Hoover's staff has released many columns of publicity about the difficulties created by the export of grain; when Mr. Hoover's executive in Russia cables an interpretation which puts that item of Soviet policy into significant relation with the whole reconstruction problem it is quietly pocketed.

Mr. Hoover's dilemma is obvious. Having made the exports of grain by the Soviet government a reason for refusing emergency relief to adults, it is naturally embarrassing to have his staff in Russia refer so favorably to these same troublesome exports. But the encouraging fact remains that the American Relief Administration workers in the field have come to realize the fundamental importance of the Russian effort for reconstruction, and to join with other American social workers in the field in calling for a more active aid of that effort.

IT was old Tut-ankh-Amen who killed the Bursum bill, or perhaps Howard Carter who brought to light the seat and the pocket flask with which the Egyptian king traveled to unknown worlds three thousand years ago. At any rate, the Egyptian excavations suddenly gave the archaeologists a public attention they had not enjoyed in many a day. The front pages of our newspapers blossomed out into news from Sardis and Kharakhoto and Yukatan, from Arkansas and Missouri, which made the average American aware of the long links that bind our civilization with civilizations of thousands of years ago—and of the fact that there is raging among us here and now one of the grandest fights ever fought to save the remnants of a native culture as distinctive and important as any to be dug out of the bowels of the earth. The Pueblo chiefs with their white sponsors in Washington for once were supported by a strong public opinion when they faced those who would legislate them permanently out of their land. An aroused public conscience will insist, let it be hoped, when the new bill comes up again in the next Congress, that the freeing of the Indian from shackles that prevent his full development be accompanied by positive measures to ensure the economic and cultural survival of the race.

OF a third of a million Indians in the United States and Alaska, less than one hundred thousand carry a blood or social heritage approximately pure. And of this number not more than fifty thousand possess a rich and potentially dynamic culture. We may well ask, are they numerous enough, is their problem sufficiently akin to problems national or world-wide in scope, to command attention in this day of national and racial perplexities?

This question might be answered by the argument from justice. The Indian for centuries has been robbed, deceived, variously outraged; he constitutes our oldest and most neglected American problem of race relationship. It is not yet too late to right some of these wrongs. The material interests which once seemed fatal and invincible and which doomed the Indian wherever the white man's egoism touched him, need not continue to dictate as they have done. The "century of dishonor," as the American record in Indian affairs has been called, need not be the end of the tale. Those Indians of Minnesota, debauched with whiskey and robbed of their lands; those Oklahoma Indians, landless and pauperized after solemn treaties had been broken;

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those California Indians, starved to death by tens of thousands—these as individuals and groups are gone forever, and restitution can never be made. But scores of groups, thousands of individuals remain; and we can still write a happier ending to the record of their betrayal.

The argument from justice it not the only one. The Indian question as a challenge to social salvage has its place among present-day world problems; its solution would give a new impetus to the solution of similar problems in Russia, in China, in Turkey, in India, indeed throughout the world—wherever an industrial social organization and an individualistic outlook on life encounter the different ethnic complexes that have lived on from an earlier day. It is the special contribution of the American school of anthropologists, led by Franz Boas, to have challenged and put out of the lists the Europocentric world view of Herbert Spencer, Tylor, Morgan and others whose theories became a sanction for imperialist expansion and, to a degree, the impulse for missionary enterprise.

THERE are many civilizations, of diverse values, whose psychic effect on their individuals and whose possible significance for future culture is inestimable. Against these many civilizations were hurled the industrialism and individualism of the last two centuries. What will these other civilizations, if permitted to survive, do with our occidentalism? What will they do *to* it? Must the contact of other civilizations with that of modern Europe and America be one of bitter feud, a total rejection, a gulping down whole with whatever devastating effect on the social organism? In dealing with immigrants we face a similar question. It is a question that preoccupies Mahatma Gandhi, the nationalists of Turkey—indeed, the thinkers of all the Mohammedan world—and the more sophisticated of the Young China. Our South American neighbors, as Miss Sheepshanks shows in this issue, are beginning to realize its existence.

The question will not be answered theoretically but empirically. In part it may be answered by experiments deliberately carried out—through a selection of culture elements that are maintained through more or less of isolation during an experimental period. Indian groups like the Navahos, the Pueblos and some Alaskan communities lend themselves almost ideally for such experiments whose results, properly understood and applied, might alter the social policy of the whole human race. The argument of "artificiality" might be objected to such experiments. But most of the so-called primitive civilizations, in their contact with the Occidental system, have met the test precisely under a condition of selected factors and isolation. Only, too often the trader, the *roué* and the missionary with but a single narrow purpose have been the harbingers of the West; it is these selected groups that have, in the vast isolations of the South Seas, executed such deadly experiments on the Marquesas Islanders and Tahitans as Robert Louis Stevenson has mournfully described. The thrusting of these elements of white civilization upon archaic communities, and the driving underground of the more competent and interesting elements of ancient life have been repeated again and again throughout the history of the Red Indian in the United States.

The difference is not between artificial and natural contacts but between a purposive and intelligent experimental artifice and a brutal artifice motivated by greed, lust and scorn as often as by zeal. The devotion of the earlier missionaries and teachers has been fortified increasingly in recent decades by a new spirit among the outposts of Christianity which comprehends cultural and social values. The domination of the fatalistic one-civilization concept in the field of anthropology has been broken. It remains for American statesmen, missionaries, social workers, community leaders to establish those practices and experiments which will lead toward the sharing of inward values between diverse racial groups. A deeply felt need of thinkers the world over could be met halfway by such American effort. This is our peculiar opportunity.

ONCE more the government, with all its caution in the avoidance of entangling foreign commitments, proposes a forward step in international cooperation that is hailed with satisfaction by all who believe that any beginning in active world organization for peace is a gain. The objections voiced to America's participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice come largely from those who are, on principle, averse to all "meddling" in Europe. To those who believe in the action proposed by the President with the safeguards suggested by Secretary Hughes, the danger, if there is any at all, consists not in the precedent that is set for other, possibly more perilous forms of intervention, but rather in the possibility that an international organization responsible only to the governments of the constituent nations may be too far removed from the peoples to represent fully the moral sense and ideals of the masses. This is one reason among others why every new movement for international relations between different groups of citizens and a quickening of popular concern for foreign affairs are so important at the present time.

SEVERAL encouraging signs of progress in that direction have been listed in these columns in recent months. Another is the announcement by the National Education Association of an international conference on the promotion of world peace to be held in California this coming summer at which, through the attendance of perhaps a thousand direct delegates and an equal number of foreign exchange professors already in this country, some fifty nations of Europe, Asia and the Americas will be represented.

"Better understanding of other nations through wisely directed educational effort," is the purpose also of the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation, an endowment given in trust to the University of Chicago by the widow of the banker of that name. The income from the fund, which amounts to $150,000, is to be used for public lectures at the university by eminent men from different countries.

"Sociologists of the world, unite!" seems to be the motto of a committee on international relations set up, with the enthusiastic approval of its members, by the American Sociological Society at its recent meeting in Chicago. Three specific objects were outlined, with freedom to enlarge the program: the establishment of fraternal relations with sociological societies and individual sociologists abroad; investigations of how the government gets its foreign news and of how the public gets its foreign news. The chairman of this committee is Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller, of Oberlin College, who has done so much to interpret the psychology and aspirations of the smaller nationalities of Europe; and the other members are Jane Addams, Jerome Davis, Roscoe Pound and Albion Small. The committee is appealing for funds to make its work as thorough as possible.

IN spite of an isolation in foreign policies probably without precedent for so great a nation in a time of nominal peace, the German people have not lost their interest in foreign affairs. An interesting announcement is that of the foundation of an Institute for Foreign Politics at Hamburg, like the Institute of International Affairs in London entirely independent of the government, for the scientific study of

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international law, politics and intercourse. Present-day rather than historical studies will be taken up at the start, and a periodical is to extend the educational activities of the institute. Its director is Professor Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy and on its staff is Paul Marc, of Munich, German representative of the Foreign Press Service of New York and an occasional contributor to the SURVEY, a man who is keenly alive to the broader social and economic foundations of international cooperation.

IT begins to look as though the American people were going to have their legal procedure reformed, so as to make it a true instrument for the administration of justice. At its annual meeting last summer, the American Bar Association went on record in favor of a definite program of reform for federal legal procedure; and at its more recent meeting the Association of American Law Schools not only endorsed this action but championed the same program of reform for the legal procedure in the various states. It proposed that both programs of reform should be carried through in such a way as to make uniform the legal procedure in the state and federal courts.

The essential changes advocated by these legal associations are embodied in a short Procedure Act submitted to Congress and the various state legislatures. This provides for a unit administration of law and equity in one form of civil action, and for the regulation of the general theory only of pleading, evidence and practice—leaving all other matters of legal procedure for directory rules of court instead of mandatory legislation. After passage of these bills it will be necessary for the Supreme Court of the United States to formulate or adopt rules of court for the procedure in all of the federal courts; and after that for the state supreme courts to adopt either the same rules or similar rules for the procedure in all of the state courts.

To ensure the adoption of this program, the American Bar Association advocates the authorization by Congress of the appointment of a permanent commission by the President; and the Association of American Law Schools has referred to its executive committee the appointment of a commission to cooperate with such federal commission and any similar commissions or committees in the various states, so far as its services may be welcomed and of assistance in initiating legislative and judicial action and in securing uniformity.

The foundation for real procedural reform has thus been laid. If Congress and the various state legislatures will follow the lead taken by the members of the legal profession, there is hope that we may at last have in this country a legal procedure corresponding to modern requirements.

THE recent decision of the North Dakota Supreme Court which sustained the act establishing conciliation for small controversies has been hailed in some of the law journals as a notable event. It will help to secure the adoption of similar laws in many other states and so to remove one of the worst failures of the existing judical system of America: the prompt and just dispensation of justice between litigants in minor suits. Reginald Heber Smith, who has done so much to direct public attention to the difficulties experienced by the "small man" in our courts, in this issue shows the bearing of the technical reforms that are under way upon human realities such as the social worker encounters in so many cases. Indeed, the North Dakota decision and, in consequence, the more extensive introduction of the use of conciliation in the settlement of quarrels mean that once more the viewpoint and method of the social worker have gained a triumphant victory. "Due process of law," while it may not be denied any citizen, in a properly organized society is not invoked except in desperate cases, as a last resort.

In a community where lives are intimately interwoven, where every one knows the affairs of every one else, the court will rarely be called upon in a minor controversy. But for most of us life has become highly complex, and social machinery has to take the place of neighborly intervention. So the tribunal of conciliation or small claims court takes its place beside the community center and the baby clinic and the "poor man's lawyer" as an organ of social stabilization and of social progress. The ward boss, the family physician, the parish minister and the settlement worker gradually disintegrate, and the side-lines of their activities which were secondary to their main social functions are re-apportioned to proper organs of democracy.

IF proof were needed that the social workers of America have the courage to leave the safe and easy path of accustomed methods, that proof could be found in the program of the Fiftieth National Conference of Social Work to be held in the national capitol next month. It is breaking away from the customary division of the field of social work into sections representing each a particular enclosure of social craftsmanship and forcing the members to reconsider social work from the point of view of its relation to seven distinctive ranges of social concern—home, school, church, health, industry, public opinion, law and government. It means that the probation officer, the labor manager, the mental hygienist, the visiting nurse, the relief worker, the organizer of recreation and the score or so of other specialists, while still able to confer with their colleagues on the technical improvement of their particular crafts, will be called upon to reconsider their activities in their larger influences on the social life. More than that, the social functioning of jurist and journalist, of teacher and minister and of other groups not usually classed as social workers will be reviewed as part of the whole force for social betterment. In this way an even greater and more encouraging sense of progress will be reached than by limiting discussion to the narrower conception of social practice—great as the progress has been within that stricter definition.

It seems but yesterday that, through the vision of some of the men and women who still are leaders in social work, the boundaries of its earlier, purely remedial functioning were broken and a wide range of preventive activities, from protective labor legislation to community organization for health and recreation, was added to the former activities. While many of the gains made have still to be enlarged and consolidated, we stand today on the threshold of yet wider excursions into uncharted realms of social need. The forthcoming conference will be more than a pooling of experience; it will be a definite attempt to view with fresh eyes the social ills of today and plan, to combat them, programs that really fit the need, whether these programs mean a more strenuous pursuit of accepted purposes on the part of established groups or lead to new endeavors as yet difficult to define. This, indeed, is a test of sincerity and open-mindedness of which social workers as a profession may well be proud.

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RAILWAY SHOPMEN'S STRIKE IS STILL ON DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS?

1. The Shops Craft Strike, which began last July, has not been settled on many of the largest railroads—including the Pennsylvania; the New York, New Haven and Hartford; the Boston and Maine; the Burlington; the Union Pacific; the Atlantic Coast Line.

2. Delay in traffic and increase in accidents are serious on those railroads that are using Strikebreakers in their Shops.

3. That which began as a Protest of the Workers has become virtually a Lockout by the Railroads.

Statement of Chairman of the Railroad Labor Board:

"Decisions of the Railroad Labor Board have been violated by fifty-nine of the Class I Railroads. More than 25% of these Roads have violated the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, while the employees have almost invariably accepted them."

Senator Copeland and President Harding:

"I did not move in this matter until I had thoroughly investigated the conditions, know of the facts, and had the proofs to show where responsibility rested. Then I wrote to President Harding, and he replied, saying there was no doubt that the coal situation and the suffering throughout the country had resulted from the failure of certain of the railroads to carry the coal.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission replied to another query of mine, that seventy per cent of the locomotives of the coal carrying railways were out of order.

"This situation was due entirely to the refusal of these railways to make terms with their shop crafts, and the roads had no means of repairing the motive power."

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland,
in the New York Times, March 11.

"The Strike is On" Refuted by the Interstate Commerce Commission:

The use of inadequate and incompetent machinists as strikebreakers shows the following results as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission:

Of the locomotives inspected the following percentage were found defective:

Boston and Maine	70%
Lehigh Valley	70%
New York, New Haven and Hartford	79%
Pennsylvania	82%
Central R. R. of New Jersey	86%

On those Roads where the strike has been settled there has been a marked and steady improvement in service, safety and equipment.

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ROLLING THEIR OWN

(*Continued from page* 19)

said his limit was $5,000, but that he would personally go and borrow $5,000 more and lend $10,000 to the association.

The total needed was $3,600,000. Before the books were closed that day in Lexington, the country banks had subscribed $5,400,000.

Thus was provided a system under which the grower would drive in with his tobacco to the nearest receiving warehouse, have it graded and get a receipt showing what he had delivered together with a draft upon the association based on so many cents per pound for each grade. This he would take to his local bank which would give him face value immediately. The system worked like a charm.

The next step was to re-dry tobacco. The association did not want to go into the re-drying business, so contracts were made with the existing re-drying companies to handle from eight to ten million pounds of tobacco a week for the association on fair terms, and under its supervision.

Then President Stone started in to sell. He sent the grades and samples to the buyers and wired them to come to Lexington and buy. One sent word that he would come when tobacco was offered on the auction floor. Mr. Stone replied that there would be no auction; that he would sell tobacco as any merchant would sell his product; that they would come into the office and buy so many pounds of the grades they desired and he would guarantee the grades. Shortly afterward this concern bought heavily from the association, but by that time the price of tobacco had risen, and their delay cost the company about $300,000.

It was the firm of Liggett and Myers who first broke the ice by sending down its two vice-presidents and chief tobacco buyer. They came into the office at Lexington and told President Stone they wanted to buy tobacco.

"All right, what grade?"

"We want so many hundred thousand pounds of Grade A-3, twelve hundred thousand of Grade D," and so forth, and gave an order for more than 22,000,000 pounds. They asked: "What are the prices?"

President Stone had been checking up every sale of tobacco made in all the Burley area prior to this date. He knew just how much had been sold, who bought it, how much had been paid for it. So he named prices on that tobacco. The association actually named those prices—and the prices were fair, everybody admitted that. *But the association made them.*

In the old days, when the growers made their sales, there was a buyer but never a seller. From that day on there was a seller, as well as a buyer, in every transaction in Burley tobacco.

Other orders came in, and the association sold more tobacco. Then they realized that the crop was short and raised the prices. The buyers still said it was fair. And of over 60,000,000 pounds of green tobacco sold, more than half was sold at the advanced price. In re-dried tobacco, the association sold out the last of its holdings about the first of November.

All the loans in the early financing were paid off within forty-five days from the proceeds of first sales. Subsequently, the growers received from additional sales a second payment, and have now received the final distribution.

The growers have received an average of 21½ cents per pound, *net, after all overhead charges and deductions for payments on warehouses have been made.*

As against this, the average price received by the growers outside of the association is estimated to have been approximately 20½ cents gross, or 19¼ cents net after warehouse charges of the old loose-leaf system of marketing are de-

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ducted. The total operating cost of the association, up to October 1st, 1922, was ¾ cents per pound. Sixty-five cents per hundred pounds is what is being paid by association growers this year to meet the first of the six payments on the purchases of the warehouses. The outside grower paid $1.25 per hundred for warehouse charges and owns nothing.

But the comparison is not with the outsider. The association raised the price-level for everyone, in and out. Some will stay outside and still get the benefit of the stable prices. But, significantly, since January, 1921, over 21,000 outsiders have joined the association and become insiders. Nor is that all. The huge membership of the other tobacco associations constitutes a still bigger set of insiders. It must not be forgotten that the Burley story is only one of five.

Nor are the members of these associations individuals merely—they are separate production units, families, one farmer member representing an average of four dependents besides himself. The 77,000 members of the Burley association alone are really 400,000 people. The members of the other associations are three quarters of a million more.

And what has happened to these people is emancipation from serfdom. That former income of about $400 a year, which has now been doubled, meant nothing less. And with its doubling has come, not only the farmer's real chance in life but the dawn of a new prosperity to millions of men and women who supply his needs.

A little country merchant said:

It's done it—that's what it has. It's done it! Last year I thought I was ruined. They owed me all kinds of money, and they couldn't buy anything. Now lots of them have paid up their debts and they're buying again. I want to tell you, Suh, there are farmer customers of mine who are today buying shoes for the feet of their children for the first time in three years!

BEHIND THE MONSTER'S MASK

(*Continued from page 22*)

littled the infant cotton mill industry in the South and predicted disaster for it. So the southern cotton mill man inclines to regard Washington as the camp of his enemies, identified now as the rival cotton manufacturers of New England. So he rushes into Judge Boyd's court to attack a new federal child-labor law with something of the elation of a devout Moslem summoned to a jehad.

Where, then, will he bring up in the end? Why, the gobble-ins 'll git him ef he don't watch out! Poison is spreading through the mass of cotton mill operatives in the South. After all, while the leaders did establish the southern cotton mill industry for the benefit of the poor white, the thing that has made it enormously successful, pouring a flood of gold into the bank accounts of the mill owners, is the underpaid labor of that same poor white. The operative himself has not yet quite grasped that fact; but there are plenty of people willing to inform him, for their own ends. A number of sore spots are developing. The strike in the Charlotte, North Carolina, district last summer revealed one of them. The strike was crushed with a ruthlessness and a cold ferocity rarely equaled in the annals of industrial disputes. But the memory of it remains.

Furthermore, the very virtues of the cotton mill magnate are in some measure working against him. His tremendous social program, being based on the Lady Bountiful idea, is pauperizing his workers, depriving them of the moral fiber to resist the infection of anarchic ideas. Radicalism has made no appreciable headway among southern workers so far, but the field is being prepared for it, and the southern cotton mill operator in only the rarest instances is taking any intelligent steps to disarm it. He dreams of stamping it out, of erecting a *cordon sanitaire* against it, of anything and everything except beating the radicals to it by adopting

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modern industrial methods in place of the more or less benevolent feudalism of today.

However, he is no monster. Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mencken do him wrong. Most of all, the silly writer in his trade journal does him wrong. He is an exceedingly prosperous gentleman, an agriculturalist by the inheritance of ten generations, confronted with the necessity of dealing with a labor problem that is suddenly growing complex and exigent beyond anything in the experience of the simple and leisurely South. Bedevilled by the government, conspired against by labor organizers, belabored for no reason that he can understand by the liberal press, portrayed to the world as a tyrant, a bloodsucker, an ogre, he is bewildered and decidedly peevish.

But he is no monster. Furthermore, in 1880 he showed himself a pretty resourceful fellow, capable of recognizing a public emergency and of meeting it with superb courage and unexpected shrewdness. Who will assume to say that he cannot meet another? Certainly not those who realize most clearly the formidable nature of the task that is before him.

JUSTICE THROUGH CONCILIATION

(*Continued from page 37*)

1913, been established in Massachusetts and California, in the larger cities of Kansas and Minnesota, in Seattle, Portland, Cleveland, Chicago and Philadelphia. The conciliation feature is so important that many of these courts are known as "conciliation" courts.

IF, then, conciliation has successfully been used in our own country in such diverse fields as small contract claims, domestic relations, and industrial accidents, why could it not be implanted and take root in many other fields of law? I believe that this can be accomplished if the soil is ploughed and fertilized by a reasonable amount of educational work.

Because of the North Dakota statute and decision, the whole subject of conciliation will come before the American Bar in the near future, and specific recommendations are likely to result. Lawyers are familiar with the subject and its merits. The words of Abraham Lincoln which stand as a preface to this article stand also as a preface to the Canons of Ethics of the American Bar Association. Lawyers in their every-day practice use the method of compromise and adjustment far more than they do the resort to litigation. The conciliation (small claims) courts of Minnesota were secured with the endorsement of the State Bar Association.

Social workers can do much to insure a correct understanding of the method and purpose of conciliation, for they constitute a powerful and an articulate group in our several communities. Mr. and Mrs. Railey, in their article on Social Certainties [SURVEY GRAPHIC for July, 1922] have pointed out that scientific social service, in one of its important phases, means studying and using social experience so that the law may constantly be made more adequate to serve the new demands of a complex society. The juvenile court and the Uniform Desertion Act are cited as "products of the constructive effort of social service." I suggest that conciliation, by reason of its social connotations and its great possibilities, is a most timely and suitable subject for further constructive effort.

Social workers deal primarily with the poor and the cases of the poor. Conciliation has a peculiar value for precisely these cases. As all experiments are first tried on the smaller cases, so conciliation has been and will be first introduced into this very field. To the extent that it is made available, to that extent will it bring substantial justice to many who heretofore have fared none too well. For conciliation,

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from its very nature, overcomes the three difficulties which always confront the poor in their search for justice. It is a summary proceeding so that there is no delay. The court costs and fees are trifling. There are no expenses for lawyers because, as we have seen, there are no lawyers.

An admixture of this simple conciliation procedure with our formal contentious procedure would, it seems to me, constitute a step forward in our request for a more perfect system of administering justice. Among those who may read this article are many who can perceive and express, more clearly than I, the ramifications and social implications of thus shifting our emphasis, in part at least, from the method of war to the method of peace. It would, in my opinion, lend a new strength and dignity to our administration of justice taken as a whole. The direct contact between the two disputants and a wise conciliator is an impressive thing. It makes manifest to the most ignorant that the state is actively interested in seeing that justice is done. The suggestions and explanations by the conciliator constitute a lesson at first hand on the spirit, scope and intent of our laws. It teaches practical good citizenship. In trying to inculcate respect for our institutions in our less educated immigrants and citizens we have not always succeeded because their contact has been with courts ill adapted to their needs. [See the review of Miss Claghorn's The Immigrant's Day in Court in SURVEY GRAPHIC for January, 1923.] A stronger, cleaner, more friendly impression could be made by a tribunal that secured the ends of justice through conciliation.

THE BEHRENS

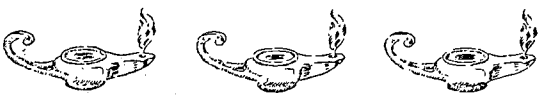
(*Continued from page* 39)

offer from Germany of a very high government position for Professor Behrens. I heard them discussing with a certain indecision I had never noted in their remarks before. They knew very well what was before them in Germany. But oh, what was about them here! The servant problem alone made it impossible for civilized beings to organize a livable existence—not to speak of a thousand other raw, unfinished edges which rasped and fretted them at every turn.

They finally decided to go, but their packing was conducted in a very different spirit from the first one I had seen. They had begun to divine that there was in this business of looking for the ideal country something more than meets the eye.

I happened to visit them, a few years after this, just before I was married, and found them much dissatisfied with European life. Frau Behrens was nettled and fretted by the question of social precedence which was, so it seemed to her, constantly to humiliate her; and the children found it impossible to conceive of existing all their days in the restricted, fenced-in, tyranically regulated corner of their particular caste, which would be the extent of their horizons if they stayed there. Julie took me off for a long walk and told me something of her opinion of European young men, especially the officers whom for the most part she met in society, as they were always at leisure for the afternoon and evening parties. "I can just tell you one thing," she said, with a grim accent and a hard-set jaw, "I'll never marry a European, if I die an old maid at a hundred and fifty." But later on, when her mother and she were talking about American housekeeping, Julie cried out, "Oh, I *couldn't* keep house in a country where there is no servant class." Frau Behrens sighed, "Yes, I know, but just remember the bath-rooms and the vacuum cleaners and the hot water."

It seemed to me, as I looked about on their much traveled chairs and tables, that I saw them patiently making ready for another journey.



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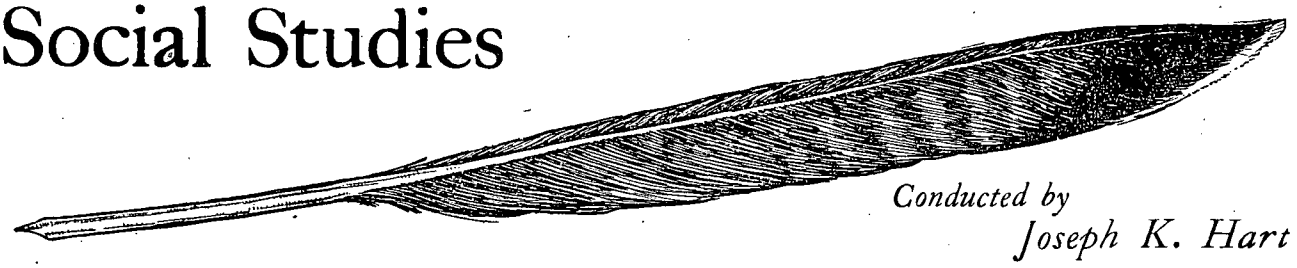

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Joseph K. Hart

Growth

EVEN the most sceptical should find it not difficult, in the springtime, to believe in growth. The evidence is all about us, and within us. Probably we all do have intense moments when we do believe: when we feel the silent great movements in the greening world and are convinced that something is alive under the brown and obvious surface of things.

But this feeling does not last. It does not even last out the spring. We do not really believe in growth in our ordinary moods. We do not accept it as a principle of the world. We are afraid of it. A few brave minds have attempted, in various ages, to make a place for it in interpreting the structure of the world—Socrates, Jesus, Darwin. For example, Jesus is reported to have said: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed!" But the concept of growth demands too much of us: it tires us and defeats its own ends.

To be sure, we cannot completely deny the fact of growth; at least, in spring. Aristotle helps us here, though few of us realize the service he has done us in this respect. Socrates had seemed to imply that things do grow and change. This is a disturbing thought. Plato held, on the other hand, that real things eternally are. This doctrine seems difficult to hold, in the spring. Aristotle gave us a combination of these two views which has soothed the troubled mind of the world ever since.

Here is a good seed, says Aristotle. Socrates is right: there are seeds in the world—and a seed implies that growth is in prospect. But wait a moment: when a seed comes into existence, does not the tree which that seed is to become, come into existence at the same time? When a child is born, is not the old man he is to become also born, in the same moment? We have an illusion of growth: we sow wheat, and after some months of theatrical illusiveness in nature, we reap—more wheat! The stages lying between wheat and more wheat give us a certain poetic pleasure. But the realities are at the termini: wheat, as seed, and wheat, as the world's food. And they are both the same wheat! What looks like growth is but a filling out of the reality hidden in the seed, revealed in the final product!

Hence, according to Aristotle, we can enjoy the illusion of growth, taking the world as if it were a growing thing, blessing our poets for the suggestion that clods feel the stirrings of life. But all the while, underneath such sensuous delights, we can rest assured that the world is really dependable, unchanging. We can sow our fields of wheat, knowing that the crop is already present in the seed; from wheat nothing but wheat will come: nothing upsetting, nothing alarming, nothing forbidden! To the poets, the beautiful and the unreal! To us who are hard-headed dealers in realities, the cheering proof that Nature is a permanent and dependable system of physical and moral laws!

For a growth which would mean change rather than mere reproduction would be a lawless principle to turn loose in the world. It would be anarchic, uncontrollable. Its results could not be predicted. Even that illusive type of growth we now know causes us trouble enough. A "growing" plant under a cement sidewalk will lift that walk and break it into pieces in a way no well organized community should permit. Imagine a world in which the principle of growth were really operative!

To the "practical idealist" who wants to make a success of his life, a world built on mechanical principles is preferable. He does not want his house to grow up: he wants to build it. He can plan it and make it what he wants it to be—the complete house already present in the blue-prints. Thus, no unexpected branchings-out will confront and dismay him.

So, also, we prefer to build our social institutions. We should be lost if these were to start to grow. Of course, we want them to "grow" as piles of sand might grow by the addition of more grains. We want the sort of "growth" that can be set down in statistics. We should like to build up our states, person by person: so many more wise men, so many intermediates, so many robots—to do the work! We want to build up our schools: so many rooms, one beside another, one on top of another. We want to build up our churches, so that every bit of "growth" can be reduced to figures at the end of stated periods. We scarcely care for a kingdom of heaven that is like a "grain of mustard seed." Real growth would disconcert us, the moment it got beyond our measuring sticks.

NATURE as a whole would have been much more pleasant to live with, if we could put leaves on the trees whenever we want them on, and take them off when we want them off. Nature is still a bit wild, lawless, given to excess and unashamed of her excesses! We have done the best we could, so far, to bring her into conformity with her own laws; but our success has been tempered with indifference on her part. Presently, however, when we get ourselves completely organized into standard houses in our compactly constructed cities, we shall be in a strategic position with reference to nature. Then we can say to her: Now, madam, either come under and behave yourself, or clear out, and begone, for good!

Yet, somehow, a doubt persists. Something like growth is still with us. Our scientists surround a corner of nature, bring all its elements under scrutiny, identify each one, label it and lay it away. But next day, lo, their tamed corner looks as if some wild animal had rioted in it. Nature refuses to yield all her secrets and be good!

We work out beautifully complete schemes for classifying and standardizing human relationships; we get everything charted and composed. Then, some impudent, growing, tiny bit of life intrudes itself into the midst of our systems and plays havoc with our standards and our programs. Nature is enough to discourage the most fervent of statisticians!

And so, sometimes, it almost seems as if we should have to admit the principle of growth into our explanations of the world, even into our theories of institutions. At least, it seems that way in the spring!

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Study Course on Social Organization

XIII. The Individual

Large-scale organization, whether of industry or of the community in general, sometimes gets on our nerves. We can stand a good deal of noise and clatter of machinery; but we can't stand it forever. We want a chance to escape. We were not born with nervous systems adapted to the life of big cities; at least, some of us were not. The big city destroys us, or forces us to leave for the mountains, or for some smaller place where the strains of living are less appalling. But, after all, whether we live in the big city or in the remote village, our lives have been caught in the meshes of the great industry, to some extent. Even farming has been made over by machinery; and some who were once farm hands on the farm are now farm hands in the city—that is, they are making machines with which their former associates will cut the wheat or thresh the clover seed. All the world is involved in this great industry; all our relationships are colored by the changes of the last thirty years. We must look into these facts briefly.

1. The Choice of a Vocation

How did boys and girls choose their vocations forty years ago? How much choice did girls have in those days? How much did boys have? What changes have come in the positions of girls in this respect in recent years? In the positions of boys? Is it easier or more difficult for them to choose vocations today? How do young people find their vocations today? Do all find vocations? Are all interested in finding vocations? Is the community in which they live interested in their finding vocations? What is being done to help them find vocations?

2. The Standing of Work in the Community

How does your community regard this question of work? Does current opinion expect boys and girls to learn to work? Are they expected to secure jobs and go to work when they are through school? What does your community think of "living by one's wits"? Of having some "easy money" job? What does your community think of manual work? Of manual workers? Does education prepare young people in your community for work, or for leisure? What sorts of vocations are most considered by the young people of your community? Do they have knowledge upon which to base their interests?

3. The Group Relationships of Workers

Are workers free today to stand alone, if they choose to do so? Or must they join some sort of a group? Do all workers join some group? Can employers stand alone if they want to? Or must they join groups, such as the Chamber of Commerce? Are there any laws on this subject? What are the forces that influence workers or employers to join groups? Are these forces real or imaginary? Is membership in a group proper or desirable: for workers? for employers? What other non-industrial group relationships does the worker or employer usually establish? Do industrial interests have any bearing on what men read? On what they buy? On whether or not they shall marry? On how they vote? On whether they shall join the church? On their recreations and amusements? How have these changes in industrial life affected our old customs and social conventions? For example, is it proper these days for a man to offer his seat in a street-car to a woman? Do women expect him to do so?

References:

Jane Addams, Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Macmillan Co.

Meyer Bloomfield, Readings in Vocational Guidance. Ginn and Co.

Questions on Current Issues

Will Farmers Cooperate?

The virtue of the pioneer American was his independence of soul, his ability to stand alone. The weak and the dependent could not endure the rigors of the frontier. They were eliminated and their breed perished. The frontier was made of the strong, even of the ruthless. The children of the frontier were taught to despise weakness. They were taught to bear their own burdens. They fought their own battles—in the woods and in the market-place. Sometimes, even in primitive frontier days, the neighbors would get together—at a "bee" or a barn-raising. But it was always understood that a little neighborly help did not constitute a precedent. No one presumed to believe that because these pioneering farmers found it pleasant to get together now and again they were therefore committed to a general plan of working together, of industrial cooperation. But times have changed. Competition, of the old sort, is no longer the life of trade; it has become, in many communities, the discourager of production and of trade. The independent farmer finds himself compelled to "unite or perish." Which is he likely to do?

1. The Independent Farmer

What are the census figures for the number of farms in the United States in 1920? The number of farmers? How many of these farmers were owners of their farms? Does ownership of a farm constitute freedom? Have these independent farmers any economic problems at present? What are those problems? Have they any problems of production? Of securing adequate help? What is at the basis of this failure of the farm help? Have they any problems of marketing? Is the number of farmers in proportion to the rest of the population increasing or decreasing? If it is decreasing, why should the market problem become more difficult from year to year? How much independence has the independent farmer, today?

2. The Tenant Farmer

What are the statistics for tenancy of farms in the United States? In your state? Is the number of tenants rising or falling? What are the factors that tend to produce tenancy? What is the likelihood of the tenant's being able to escape from tenancy into ownership? Is ownership of a farm a more desirable economic position than tenancy? What elements other than economic enter into this problem of tenancy? Is this problem of any moment to the general citizenship of America? Is the tenant more or less interested, in general, in community problems than the independent farmer?

3. The Problems of Cooperation

Is the cooperative movement anything more than an economic movement? Can cooperation be worked out wholly on economic lines? Has cooperation among farmers been successful anywhere in America? Has it been wholly an economic movement there? Does cooperation imply any change in community education? In the schools? In the teaching of religion? In the development of the social life? Can a cooperative movement be worked out without reference to the intellectual and social attitudes of the people of the community? Is anything being done to make education more cooperative? Does the church interest itself in these problems? What attitude do the politicians take?

References: pp. 7-22.

The books mentioned on this page may be obtained through the SURVEY Book Department.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORKERS—Miss M. A. Cannon, president, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City; Miss Lena R. Waters, executive secretary, The Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Organization to promote development of social work in hospitals and dispensaries. Annual meeting with National Conference of Social Work.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR ORGANIZING FAMILY SOCIAL WORK—Mrs. John M. Glenn, chairman; Francis H. McLean, field director; David H. Holbrook, executive director, 130 E. 22d Street, New York. Advice in organization problems of family social work societies (Associated Charities) in the United States and Canada.

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION, formerly the American Child Hygiene Association and the Child Health Organization of America—Headquarters, 532 Seventeenth Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.: Administrative Office, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Herbert Hoover, president; L. Emmett Holt, M.D., 1st vice president; Livingston Farrand, M.D., 2d vice president; Thomas D. Wood, M.D., 3d vice president; Corcoran Thom, treasurer; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., secretary. To promote the healthful development of children from birth to maturity through the proper care and education of mothers before and after the birth of a child; through assistance to physicians, nurses, health workers, teachers and all interested in child health; through encouraging the teaching of health in schools. To do this by means of personal conference, public addresses, publication of educational and scientific information, and the building up of government agencies to deal with child health. Publishes educational literature and a monthly magazine—"Mother and Child."

AMERICAN CHILD HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—See American Child Health Association.

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE ASSOCIATION—K. L. Butterfield president; A. R. Mann, vice president; E. C. Lindeman, executive secretary; Nat T. Frame, Morgantown, West Virginia, field secretary. Emphasizes the human aspect of country life. Membership $3.00.

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AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY—Founded 1828, labors for an international peace of justice. Its official organ is the Advocate of Peace, $2.00 a year. Arthur Deerin Call, secretary and editor, 612-614 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN PRISON ASSOCIATION—Annual Congress of American penologists, criminologists, social workers in delinquency. Next Congress Boston, Massachusetts, September 13-19, 1923. E. R. Cass, general secretary, 135 East 15th Street, New York City.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER—Frank J. Osborne, exec. sec'y.; 370 Seventh Ave., New York. To disseminate knowledge concerning symptoms, diagnosis, treatment and prevention. Publication free on request. Annual membership dues, $5.

AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. To promote a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education; to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2 including monthly journal.

CHILD HEALTH ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA—See American Child Health Association.

CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA—A league of agencies to secure a better understanding of child welfare problems, to improve standards and methods in the different fields of work with children and to make available in any part of the field the assured results of successful effort. The League will be glad to consult with any agency, with a view to assisting it in organizing or reorganizing its children's work. C. C. Carstens, director, 130 E. 22nd St., New York.

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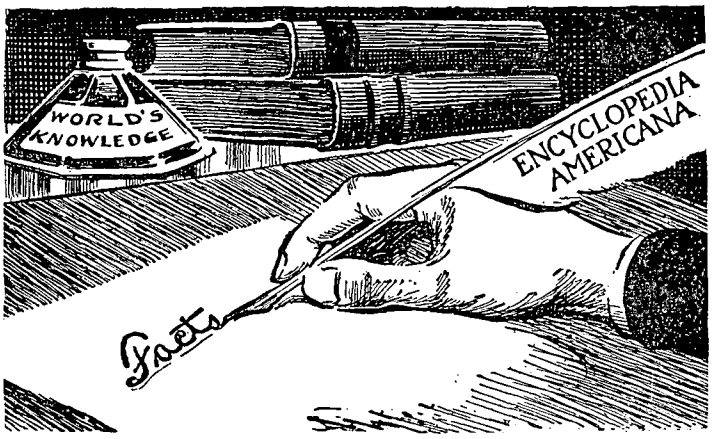

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EXECUTIVES: Two young college men desire boys or Settlement of Community position. 4422 SURVEY.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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—Elihu Root, in Foreign Affairs.

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[*In explanation of the diagram on pp. 12, 13*]

SEASONAL FLUCTUATIONS OF FIVE GREAT INDUSTRIES

in per cent of persons employed above or below number employed the previous month

	Steel and Iron	Cotton Mfg.	Boots and Shoes	Silk Mfg.	Automobiles
Lowest Point	Jan. 1,036,000	April 238,600	June 204,800	June 107,000	Jan. 60,700
Peak	Dec. 1,400,000	Jan. 375,000	Dec. 225,000	Mch. 126,000	Sept. 83,000
Excess highest above lowest point, per cent	35.1	57.3	9.8	17.6	36.9
Fluctuation 1922					
February	+ 9.3	—10.1	+ 1.4	— 1.4	+ 4.8
March	+ 2.3	—28.5	— 0.5	+ 3.4	+ 2.2
April	+ 6.8	— 2.0	— 5.7	— 9.5	+ 6.3
May	+ 3.2	+25.0	— 2.3	— 4.0	+ 9.7
June	+ 5.3	+ 0.8	+ 0.6	— 2.2	+ 7.2
July	— 0.9	+ 0.5	+ 2.6	+ 0.3	+ 1.6
August	— 1.1	+ 4.6	+ 4.0	+ 1.0	+ 0.4
September	— 1.9	+ 5.3	+ 0.9	+ 0.1	+ 0.5
October	+ 4.6	+ 3.6	— 0.4	+ 2.4	— 5.9
November	+ 2.4	+ 7.0	+ 1.3	+ 3.4	— 1.5
December	+ 2.6	+ 1.2	+ 1.9	+ 2.5	+ 2.7
1923					
January	+ 1.5	+ 1.3	+ 2.9	— 0.4	+ 4.2

The figures and percentages in this table are calculated on the basis of the 1920 U. S census return from the monthly unemployment reports of the United States Department of Labor Statistics in 1922—1923.

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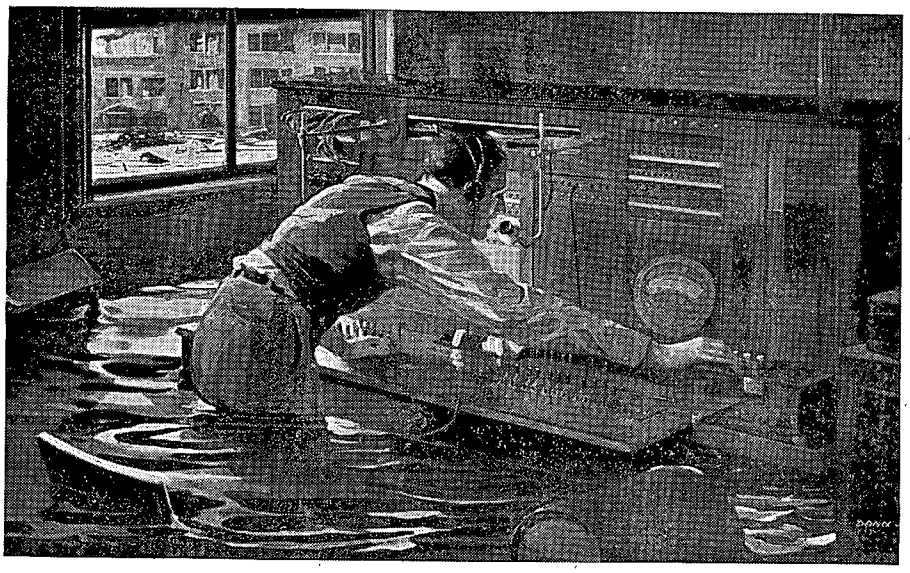

Why they stick

On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

It was the spirit of service that kept them at their work—a spirit beyond thought of advancement or reward—the spirit that animates men and women everywhere who know that others depend upon them. By the nature of telephone service this is the every-day spirit of the Bell System.

The world hears of it only in times of emergency and disaster, but it is present all the time behind the scenes. It has its most picturesque expression in those who serve at the switchboard, but it animates every man and woman in the service.

Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.

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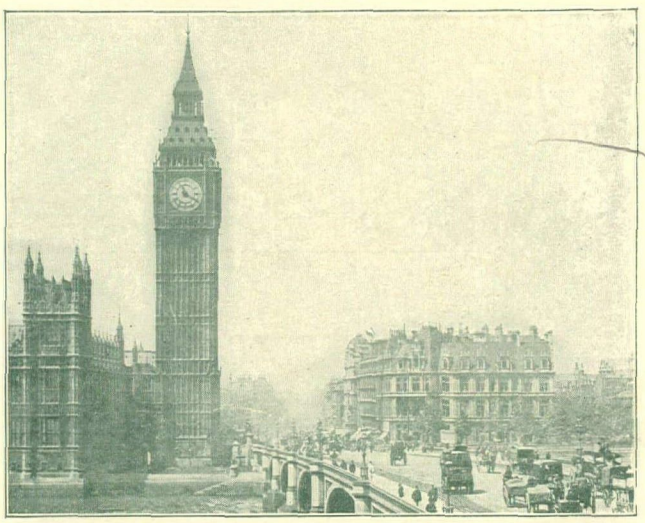

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